National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Southern Press.

From the Maysville Eagle.

If any man who would not steal a negro, or entice one away, has tried to make the impression that Alexander Campbell would do it, or *believes* it a *sin* to hold slaves, let him read the *tract* in the Harbinger again, and also the letter discontinuing a good, though mistaken subscriber, rather than apologize to *Heaven* or *Earth* for saying "'*that Slavery, as, established by law,*' is not in harmony with the Bible or spirit of the age, or the progress of the society."

I see some of his *friends* counting what he will *gain* and *lose* by the *opinion* just advanced, as if he could be influenced by any such consideration. I have known his opinion for a quarter of a century to be the same lately given, and mentioned it to many friends, publicly and privately, at the time James B. Robinson, of Scotland, slandered him. And I heard the Judge of the court say, in addressing the Grand Jury, that the charge was false, yet that Mr. Campbell, like Mr. *Breckenridge*, was too proud to revile the insttitutions of his own country in a foreign land. Remember the correspondence between Mr. Breckenridge and a Bishop in Scotland, I think.

I was sorry that Mr. Campbell published *his tract* at this time. Being in favour of Slavery myself, I feared his opinions might be used, as they are used by some of his friends, and enemies, as weapons in the war of words now waging to break our heads.

I knew that we had invited all the *good* and *wise* men to *write* and *speak*, by opening the *door* for a Convention. And knowing his opinions were against mine, I feared their influence. He first taught us, however, that we had a right to believe the *Word*, and that it would make us free; and he does not make his opinions obligatory or try to do it. On the contrary he gives them as a modest Christian editor has a right to do, especially *upon request*. While he is *firm* in the opinion, "that men, not boys or scraps of men, but full grown men, see that Slavery in Kentucky, or America, is to say the least of it, contrary to the general sense, the moral taste and spirit of the present civilized world;" he leaves every Christian to exercise his own reason, and admits him to full communion and fellowship with the *sin* of Slavery upon his head. He does not, as many of our friends do, exclude them on account of their opinions, as James B. Robinson would. He does not view it as Blanchard did in his debate with Rice, "A Damning Sin." He only repeats what our Governor and Senators in Congress have said; what ten thousand good men believe. And shall we blame him for giving his views when we asked for them; views which I have said he entertained twenty-five years ago, and modestly kept to himself unless drawn out by his friends.

Just like the conduct of Mr. Breckenridge in England and Scotland, and like *himself* when falsely assailed as a *friend* to *Slavery*, by the Baptists in *Scotland*; he scorned to revile the institutions of Virginia, in a foreign land; though he *loathed* and despised them at home. I cannot but hope that Mr. Campbell's friends and enemies will allow him to have fair play, and not revile him because he happened to write, at what we slaveholders, call an *unpropitious* moment. What has he said more than to recommend Mr. Clay's *method* of emancipation, more than to recommend the Convention's mode. I mean that in which sixteen preachers figured at Frankfort lately.

He has said something for the honour of God, *humanity*, and *christianity*, like the *old* emancipators in addition to *policy alone*, which seemed to influence the *newly fledged*. He has *not said*, nor will he ever say, in my opinion, "No emancipation without colonization." He knows that while our fathers prohibited the General Assembly from setting negroes free without paying their owners an equivalent in money, they left the owners a right to do it at any time; taking care that they should not become chargeable to the County. And he never would take away that privilege I hope. If he would, I would not be able to distinguish between his regard, to a degraded race, and that of those who, while they call them our *black brethren*, and say "*Nature* made us all equal," yet urge "no emancipation shall take place without transporting them beyond the seas." I must not say that they know it cannot be done. But I never expect emancipation upon any other terms than *allowing them to remain here*.

Our sister States won't take them. Our Emancipating States won't join us, and give the public land to settle them upon, and they must remain here in their *native land*. It would be cruel to *compel* them to go to Africa. And it would be against the golden rule, which is so often quoted, "Do unto others that which we *would* have them do unto us." The *negroes would not thus treat us*, if they had the *power*; but that is no reason why we should, in violation of the principle, treat them as we would *not have them to treat us*.

Say what you may about Mr. Campbell, I would as soon trust him on a jury, to try an Abolitionist or Free-soiler, for stealing or enticing away negroes, as any other Emancipator. His good sense, his education and christian principles, have taught him to understand the relation of master and slave. And if there is a Christian in the world, who would imitate the Apostle Paul, as we have it in his epistle to Philemon, in relation to his runaway slave Onesimus, that man is Alexander Campbell. Who it is that try to prove the contrary, I will tell hereafter. And try to prove that they are not what I profess to be,—THE NEGRO'S FRIEND.

From the Memphis Appeal.

Practical Abolitionism.—We clip the following exract from the Washington correspondence of the Macon, (Ga.) Telegraph. It would seem that (if Gen. Taylor had gone to Washington with a predetermination to make himself odious and disgraced in the estimation of all well-thinking and decent men, he could not have succeeded better than he seems to be doing. His first move was to take to his bosom, as cabinet advisers, two open and avowed Abolitionists, and these, putting their professions into practice, are taking the coloured gentlemen to their bosoms and putting them in the employ of the government! Gen Taylor, we believe, has the honour of making the first move in this matter, and setting the example to future administrations. Oh, this second Washington! But to the extract:

"The coolest piece of impudence was revealed in this city last week. Daniel Webster it must first be remarked, procured a situation for a buck negro in the Home Department, under Mr. Ewing, as a messenger, when fifty poor white men would have been delighted to receive it. This darkey was with Maj. Webster in Mexico as a servant, and it was in character for "black" Dan to provide for black Peter. Emboldened by the success of their brother nigger, two "coloured gentlemen," as they were called, came to Washington, all the way from Massachusetts, fine specimens of "charming boys," so elegantly spoken of by Mr. Palfrey of that State. They entered the ante-room of the Home Department, and inquired for Mr Ewing. They were dressed in the best broad cloth, and wore large gold chains to their watches.—A wag assumed to be the official attendant, and in the course of conversation learned from them that they were seeking *clerkships!* It has not been ascertained that they met with success—the only bar to preference being public opinion. As they voted for General Taylor, and are his political friends, why not "help to share the burdens of government?" If Webster, Corwin, Hudson, Palfrey, and such statesmen, think negroes good as white men, why not provide them with clerkships! They ought not to be ashamed of their allies The truth is, these impudent negroes are emboldened to look for "loaves and fishes" from the fact that in the course of a week, two negroes were appointed messengers or labourers in the State Department, two in the Treasury Department, and two in the Home Department. And I have myself seen negroes writing in the passages of the Departments, directing packages, while white men were scrubbing the floors. It is enough to make the blood boil to think of these things. A Whig member of Congress from Tennessee recommended one of the negroes, named Warner, as one of "the most perfect gentlemen he had met with in Washington," and a Senator from the same State helped him into office. These are a few of the many facts which have lately transpired."

It is more than probable that many a war-worn soldier, who periled his life for the honour of his country and in defence of its flag in the Mexican war, would gladly have accepted the appointments given to these negroes, who were no doubt, in the meanwhile, engaged with Messrs. Webster, Corwin, Ewing, Collamer, and the whig party generally, in denouncing the war as unconstitutional, unjust, wicked and damnable, and those engaged in it as robbers, murderers and pirates. For this, these negroes have received their reward at the hands of Gen. Taylor's abolition cabinet officers, and permitted by Gen. Taylor himself to hold their places! This is Whiggery,—though we suppose, not *ultra*-Whiggery.

From the Jefferson (Mo.) Metropolitan.

Benton tried by his votes.—Colonel Benton, in his speech at the Capitol on Saturday last, appealed to his votes on the Slavery question for the past thirty years as a triumphant vindication of himself against the charge of misrepresenting public sentiment in Missouri on that subject. That appeal will turn out as fortunate for him as his late haughty and insolent appeal from the instructions of the Democracy to the Whigs, Natives and Barnburners.

On the 26th of July, 1848, Mr. Hale, the late Abolition candidate for the Presidency, moved to amend the fifth section of the bill establishing a territorial government in Oregon, by striking out the words "free white." The fifth section of the bill restricted the right of suffrage in the territory to free white males above the age of twenty-one years, &c. Benton voted for this amendment, and thus, in effect, joined Hale in attempting to place the *white* and the *black man* on an *equality*, as regards the right to *vote* and *hold office* in Oregon. The yeas were: Baldwin, Benton, Clarke, Davis of Mass., Green, Hale and Upham. In this vote, Benton, was found in company with six of the most notorious Abolitionists in the country. The amendment was voted down by an overwhelming majority, forty-four senators voting against it; and among the number is to be found the faithful Missouri Senator, David R. Atchison.

The reader will find this vote recorded in the Congressional Globe, page 1002, and in the proceedings of the day mentioned, Mr. Clarke moved on the same day to amend the 6th sec. of the bill so as to prohibit the territorial legislature from enforcing any law repealing the act of the Provisional Government against Slavery, until the same should be approved by Congress. Benton voted for this amendment, and the faithful Atchison against it, as will appear by reference to the same page of the authority mentioned.

These are a few of the votes to which Benton appeals to sustain himself before the people of Missouri! Will they stand the test? That cannot be, and Benton well aware of this, knows the value of a bold front. He is playing a strong game for the next Presidency, and cares but little about the vote of Missouri, if, by pandering to the North, he can get the vote of the free States.

We shall recur to this subject again, when we will examine other similar votes.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Telegraph.

Mr. Benton's Last Plank.—The "Pilgrim's Progress" of the Missouri Senator is still continued, and every passion and prejudice against the more Southern States that can be appealed to he clutches with the convulsive energy of a despairing and drowning man. Disowned by his own section, and repudiated and rejected by that which may love the treason but must scorn the traitor—his very triumph (if he does carry Missouri with him) will set the seal upon his apostacy, and leave him more "solitary and alone" than he once boasted that he stood.

The avidity with which he seizes upon the preposterous pretext of *a secret affinity and community of purpose* existing between Southern "Agitators" and Northern Abolitionists, shows the desperate shifts to which he is driven—as his awkward attempt to flatter his *Whig* neighbours proves the need he feels of some extraneous support.

The quotation made from the Columbia *Telegraph* was not "Editorial," as Mr. B. supposes and affirms, but extracted from a communication of our trusty friend and ally, "L," whose fearless utterances of the words of truth and manliness have awakened echoes in every portion of this Union, and earned him a share of the denunciations so liberally bestowed on the *Telegraph* and its "*treasonable*" utterances by faint-hearted allies and insolent foes.

Partizans possessed of more hope and patience than Job himself—and those over-nice and over-wise people who do the greatest harm with the best possible intentions will, we hope, cease this parrot cry of "danger to the Union from a combination of Northern and Southern fanaticism!" now that they see it constituting a strong plank of the Benton platform *unless they desire to take a seat beside him.*

As the Devil can quote scripture for his purpose, so do Benton and his backers now prostitute "the love of Union" to their base ends of robbery and murder under the mask of fraternity—gilding over their treachery by that sham patriotism which yields up *the substance*, while hugging publicly to its breast *the shadow*.

When "the value of the Union" cannot be calculated by those for whose sole behoof and benefit it was ordained and instituted—when corrupt demagogues, whose wholé public careers have been a living libel on the institutions that could foster and rear up in rank luxuriance such gigantic political fungi, dare to denounce the utterances of freemen as treason to the Union—and when Southern Spirit shall have sunk so low as to stoop to the depths where Benton and Houston now stand side by side hissing impotent malice at all who advocate bolder counsels—then, and not till then, will "Southern agitators" be fitly classed with the crawling and cowardly fanatics who work out their plans like moles under-ground and in darkness, not like men openly and in the face of day. Let all those at the South who hitherto have piqued themselves on the *moderation* of their views and counsels as contrasted with the *violence* of their "ultra!" brethren ponder well on the uses made of it by the Senators from Missouri and Texas, and learn the great truth so sternly enforced by that true Republican John Milton, both in words and in acts:

"To be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering."

From the New Orleans Bulletin.

The Progress of Free Soilism.—The conversion of such a prominent *Democrat* as Senator Benton to *Free Soilism*, and his famous speech announcing this fact, have produced an immense sensation. We hear from all quarters approbatory language of the speech; and the sentiments he avows, are characterized as *manly, noble, patriotic, humane*. In all the large Northern cities, there is on this point, a most singular unanimity; the press, the mouthpiece of the public, racked and disjointed as it is, by political feuds and strifes, on this subject, speaks out in one loud, but harmonious chorus. The sentiments of the great Democratic Free Soil Neophyte, are applauded to the very echo; so acceptable are they, they have already with some enthusiastic admirers, procured him a nomination for the Presidency. But great as the stride is that has been taken by Mr. Benton, for many, we may say for the people of the North generally, he has not advanced far enough. Although he unhesitatingly gives his opinion that the Wilmot proviso is entirely constitutional; that it is the true Jeffersonian doctrine; and he states unequivocally that he would vote for it when neeessary; yet, he contends that in the present juncture, legislation is not only unnecessary, but inexpedient; that Slavery is already prohibited in New Mexico and California; and that a law of Congress excluding it forever hereafter, while it could do no good, would tend to alienate the South from the North, and ultimately might lead to disunion. This concession on the part of a slaveholding Democrat, is not enough for free soilers—they must have a distinct, positive issue. They say, that whatever might have been the barriers that existed to the introduction of Slavery under the former government of these countries, it is manifest that in the absence of a positive restriction by Congressional legislation, slaves will most certainly be imported into New Mexico and California. As to the apprehended alternative, a dissolution of the Union, they laugh us to scorn—they tell us, that if we insist upon disunion as the only alternative to Slavery extension, we are free to act as we choose; that their institutions will survive the shock of a partial dismemberment, should the necessity ever arrive, but that they cannot and should not survive the extension of human Slavery. They therefore must have positive Congressional legislation restricting the bounds of Slavery—and this they will have, for as sure as Congress meets, so sure will the Wilmot proviso pass, unless California is organized with a State government previously to the first Monday in December next. There is no doubt of it. In the Senate, with Delaware, whose Senators have been instructed, there is a majority in favour of it, while in the House it will pass by a large majority.

The people of the South are ignorant of the progress and extent of Free Soil principles. Many of them have been deluded and cajoled by party hacks, into the belief that Free Soilers and Whigs are correlative terms; and that the great Democratic party are in no wise tainted with the virus. The truth has been nefariously concealed from them for the pur pose of advancing the interest of party; and the sectional differences of sentiment upon the predominant question of Slavery, with an infamous and shameless degree of double-dealing, are pressed into the cause. At the North, *Free Soil* is the rallying cry. The heretofore divided Democratic party are reciprocally hailing each other with the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us;" and in a fraternal spirit of concord, they rush into each other's embrace, cementing the Union by vociferous denunciations of the Whigs as the minions and allies of Southern Slavery. At the South, "the recruiting service" is conducted on the same principle of falsehood and intrigue, and the unwary and credulous are made to believe that the Whigs are indissolubly allied to Abolitionism. These are the tricks of party—instruments to put down the present administration, and secure the ascendancy of the Locofoco dynasty. Means so utterly unworthy, and at variance with all that is truthful and honourable, cannot be attended with success.

The experiment, is unworthy, further, of any party who love the country and its institutions; it is particularly unworthy of any Southern party. The North, as we have observed, are banded together in maintaining as an inviolate principle, the non extension of Slavery; there is not a prominent politician north of Mason and Dixon's line, or who expects to be prominent, who would *dare* to oppose this principle; there is not a press of any note in any Northern city or town, that openly opposes the application of the Wilmot Proviso to the new acquired territory. The Free Soil principle at the North, is established—it is triumphant. The press irrespective of party avows, that at the North, hostility to the extension of Slavery into territory, now free, is the ruling sentiment of the great body of the people. It is a principle, that like Aaron's rod, is swallowing up all other and minor ones.

Let us look for a moment at the extent of this territory now free, and the relative strength of the free and slaveholding States, as well present as prospectively. The Union is now composed of thirty States, of which fifteen are free and fifteen slave States. We have two organized territories, Oregon and Minesota; these are now free, and will continue free when organized with State governments. New Mexico and California will be admitted as States before the adjournment of the next Congress, and they will most assuredly be free States. The contemplated territory of Nebraska, which lies three and a half degrees north of the Missouri Compromise line, will at no distant day be a free State. The Mormons, like locusts, are overrunning the country lying between Bear River and the Great Salt Lake, and are now petitioning for a territorial government, soon to be converted into a State government. Here then are six States in embryo, which, added to the fifteen, will make twenty-one free States. On the other hand, as an offset, the slave States can only look for the following accession of strength, to preserve the balance of power. Texas may, according to the terms of the compact of annexation, be subdivided into four States, when the population will authorize such a division; but it will be a long time before any such partition is effected, and when it does occur, the relative strength of the slave to the free States will be as nineteen to twenty-one, with a population in the latter increasing in a rapid accelerating ratio.

We should, therefore, look at this matter as it actually is, and not as it is represented by designing demagogues, with the paltry object of advancing the interests of party.

From the Arkansas Intelligencer.

Emancipation Movement.—The movements now being made in Kentucky, and manifestations in other slaveholding States, on the subject of negro emancipation should awaken the people of Arkansas to their true position. Is Arkansas to continue a slave State? Can our citizens afford te yield up a million of dollars worth of property without a consideration, to gratify the blind fanatic zeal of the citizens of other States? Will they do it? Have the citizens of other States the right to expect such a sacrifice of us?

These questions, we expect to hear answered in accordance with the rights and interests of Arkansas. Then, if it is determined that ours is a slave State, to continue one, and slave property to be recognized among us, it becomes us to maintain our institutions, and to prevent, as far as the power lies within our jurisdiction the depreciation of the value of such property, by wholesome laws. Every specious of property is entitled to protection from laws.

It is evident that if the border slave States are permitted to bring their slaves into this State, for purposes of commerce, the competition of such an inundation of that species of property, will reduce materially the value of this kind of property now in the State, and worse than all, by increasing the area of Free Soil States we render more formidable the enemies to our institution; and by prescribing the number of slave States, we weaken the interest of this institution, and render them less capable of maintaining their rights against the encroachments of the "Free Soil" avalanche.

Of course, we cannot prevent other States from emancipating their slaves, but we can prevent them from ridding themselves of what they consider an evil, by transferring it to our limits.

The policy of Kentucky at this time is not prompted by a purely philanthropic feeling, but it is plain to all, that much of self-interest and self-protection are blended with their pseudo benevolence. The emancipationists, in that State, propose to sell out their slaves to us, for a number of years, by which time they expect to be rid of them but not to have diminished Slavery by it.—Thus they are willing to impose upon us, at our expense, what they consider a burthen; and in a few years hence they will turn round, like the citizens of other States who sold out their slaves, and wage war upon our institutions.

Our policy is to prevent Kentucky from becoming a free State, as far as it lies in our power. We can pass laws to prohibit the importation of slaves under any pretence, except where individuals move to this State with this species of property, with the intention of becoming permanent citizens. And to prevent a violation of the integrity of our territory, by emancipators, to prohibit the alienation of their slaves until they have been residents several years. If all the Southern States will pass such laws, we will soon see the spirit of emancipation put down in Kentucky and other slaveholding States. Compel them to keep their negro population among themselves, whether free or slaves. If they do not like Slavery let them set their negroes free and live among that delectable population.

We are glad to see that some of our citizens are beginning to move on this subject. The citizens of Union county have taken the introductory step, and we hope soon to see other parts of the State following suit.

From the Edgefield [S. C.] Advertiser.

Annexation of Canada.—This subject is again exciting considerable interest in Canada and in the Northern portion of this Confederacy. The breach between the loyalists and the patriots, seems continually to widen, and open advocates, for annexation to the United States, are avowing themselves without fear or molestation. The American Flag it is said, was hoisted in Montreal on the 4th without interruption. From debates in the British Parliament, it would seem that the *English Government* will offer little or no opposition to the revolutionary movements of the Canadians. British statesmen express themselves as totally indifferent on the subject, and urge the Government to offer no resistance in case a move be made in Canada for separation from the mother country. They regard Canada as an actual burden to the British nation, to be rid of which is rather to be desired than opposed.

There is no doubt also of the existence of a cooperative movement on the part of citizens of the United States with the Canadians. Committees of Correspondence are established between the two countries, and views interchanged as to the future course and policy of the annexationists. It is stated that even arms and ammunition have been conveyed from this country to Canada.

We would right heartily rejoice to see Canada declare her independence, and establish a form of government better suited to the spirit of the age, and more congenial to the tastes and sentiments of her people. We believe the country would be more prosperous and happy, and that the chief source of the civil discord which has so distracted the Canadians for years past, viz: the antagonism between the English and French inhabitants, would be speedily removed under a mere liberal form of government.—In the United States the different European races have assimilated with wonderful facility, and it is reasonable to suppose the same thing would happen in Canada under a like polity.

But we are not prepared to express a desire that Canada should be annexed to the *United States*. We believe it would be highly impolitic and dangerous to the liberties of our country. It would give an undue preponderance to that section, which, by its numerical strength and fanatical violence, already seriously threatens an issue to the happy blessings of the Union. It will also increase the animosity between the two sections of the country, which are now arrayed against each other in an alarming degree. In a word, we solemnly believe, it *will multiply the chances of a dissolution of the Union.*

From the Richmond (Va.) Republican.

Annexation of Canada.—There is no doubt that this subject is destined to occupy the public attention, and to produce much excitement. We perceive that our Northern contemporaries discuss it with a philosophical calmness, in striking contrast with the spasmodic horror to which they are subject when annexation Southward is the order of the day. In the ordinary course of events, and without any new annexation, the North has altogether the predominance in the numbers and the councils of this country. To add Canada would be to give to that sanction the most overwhelming weight. We are now witnessing another step in the fulfilment of Mr. Clay's predictions in regard to the annexation of Texas. He foretold this sectional annexation; but even he, with all his sagacity, does not seem to have foreseen to what an extent it would have been carried by the Northern section.

The South obtained Texas, a very questionable acquisition, if Senator Houston be a fair representative of her views, while the North has seized upon Oregon; has grasped California with its boundless wealth, and New Mexico, in neither of which countries can Southern institutions ever be introduced; and now, is desirous of adding the immense provinces of Canada, capable of forming a dozen great States, and already filled by an intelligent and hardy British population. We do not suppose for a moment, that this proposition can receive favour, except among those who are willing to build up one section at the expense of the total ruin or loss of another. Tempting as is such a bait to the spirit of Territorial grandizement, there are few statesmen so hasty and short-sighted as to raise the battle-cry of Canadian Annexation, unaccompanied by a compensating annexation in another quarter. "Canada *and* Cuba" will be the motto upon the Progressive flag, as erst was "Texas *and* Oregon." One will never be united to this country without the other.

We have long ago expressed our unqualified opposition to the annexation of Canada. Our opposition is based upon two grounds. We are opposed to it as Southern men, believing that such an addition to the Northern power, already overshadowing, will sound the knell either of Southern institutions, or of the Union of this country. In addition to the territorial accession, the men who are to become our future fellow-citizens, are the most bitter enemies in the world of Southern institutions. On the subject of Slavery, the Canadians are made up of Lloyd Garrisons, Abby Kellys, and Fred Douglasses. Canada has long been the refuge of fugitive slaves. It has been their paradise. There is a large colony of them there at this time. We have Abolitionists enough already in this country, without allying ourselves to a whole nation of Abolitionists.

There are objections arising from national considerations. We have already an extent of territory immensely greater than our wants. We have just added to it an enormous domain, purchased at the cost of a bloody war. One would think that after obtaining California, all human aspirations might be satisfied. A land whose mountains, streams, and valleys, glitter with gold! A land which gives us a foothold on the Pacific, magnificent harbours; and, with the construction of proper improvements between the Atlantic and the Pacific, will ensure us the trade of the world, and make the United States the wealthiest and most powerful nation under the sun. And yet we raise the cry of the horse-leech, "Give! Give!" Is it not time to pause? Have we not territory enough without Canada, Cuba, and a large slice of South America? For we beg to suggest to Canada annexationists that annexation South, will keep pace step by step with annexation North; and *it is a long way from here to Cape Horn.*

From the Lynchburg (Va) Patriot.

Canada.—The brief letter from Gen. Scott which we publish to-day, in relation to the probable annexation of Canada to the United States, will attract the attention of the reader. Few, if any of our public men have enjoyed ampler opportunities of knowing the true condition of affairs in the British Provinces than Gen. Scott, and the opinion which he has taken occasion to announce publicly, that these Provinces will in a few years separate from the mother country and seek a connection with the United States, is entitled to great weight.

The expectations of those who anticipated a rebellion in Canada, in case of the refusal of the British Government to recall the present Governor General and to arrest the operation of his obnoxious measures have not been realized. The firm and decided stand taken by the British ministry in support of Lord Elgin and his policy, together with the haughty, uncompromising, and bullying tone of the leading public press in England, probably awed the disaffected population of Canada into temporary submission to their fate, and convinced them of the futility of violent measures for the present. It is not to be supposed, however, that their wrongs, whether real or imaginary, have either been forgotten or forgiven. A deep and wide-spread feeling of discontent prevails among those refractory Tories, and the "value of the Union" with the British Empire is every day being subjected to a rigorous calculation. It is stated, on the authority of the most intelligent observers of the progress of events in Canada, that the evidences of a growing and permanent alienation of feeling among the British population of that Province are every day becoming more strikingly manifest, and it is highly probable that less than ten years will serve to verify the prediction of Gen Scott, in regard to ther separation from the British Empire.

In such a contingency, the question arises, Will Canada establish a separate and independent government, or will she be incorporated into the American Union? Gen. Scott thinks that all the probabilities favour the latter alternative, and there can be but little doubt that such must be the final result of a dissolution of the connection between Great Britain and her Colony. A proposition for annexation, there is every reason to believe, would meet with approbation both in Canada and the United States. The mass of the Canadian population it is true, are Tories in the English sense of the word, deeply imbued with transatlantic prejudices against the United States, and own no attachment to Republican institutions, but the difficulty in maintaining their nationality in such dangerous proximity to a powerful and warlike people, as well as the immense advantages, political and commercial, they might reasonably expect to reap from a connection with the American Union, are considerations which would inevitably determine their choice in favour of annexation, however distasteful in some respects such a consummation might be.

In regard to the feelings and wishes of the American people on this subject, Gen. Scott is not far wrong in asserting that the annexation of Canada would be approved by at least two-thirds of them. We are not prepared to concur in the opinion that such a measure would be wise and politic, but we believe that it would be highly popular in the whole non-slaveholding section of the Union. The North and Northwest would clamour loudly and with entire unanimity for the annexation of Canada, whilst the South could not, for shame, lift a voice in opposition. After procuring the annexation of Texas and uniting in the cry for the extension of the "area of freedom," the Democracy of the South at least, could not, without the most flagrant violation of their past professions and the most shameless ingratitude to their "Northern allies," refuse to unite with them in effecting the incorporation of Canada into the Union. The North desires the annexation of Canada as an offset to that of Texas, but, superadded to this motive, is the restless and grasping cupidity of our people which, in the earlier and better days of the republic, [illegible] of our late Democratic rulers called into sudden activity, and stimulated to the highest pitch of excitement.

Should the anticipations of those who look forward with confident expectation to the emancipation of Canada from the sway of British authority be realized, the South may yet have cause to lament in sackcloth and ashes, the infatuation which led her to embark in the career of annexation, and to lend an ear to the persuasions of those politicians who argued that the annexation of Texas would strengthen the institution of Slavery against the assaults of Northern fanaticism. When Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and other British possessions shall have been annexed to the Union, and some ten or a dozen Anti-Slavery States shall have been carved out of them, the Southern people will then awake to a knowledge of the fact that the game of annexation is one at which two can play—that the "area of freedom" can be as easily extended in a Northern as a Southern direction, and, that if the limits of our Republic have been carried to the Rio Grande, they may also be extended to the icy depths, of Labrador or the frozen line of the Arctic circle.

From the Jackson [Miss.] Southron

Treason openly avowed!—We have received another No. of *The New York Anti-Slavery Standard*, and have been shocked at reading the unblushing avowals of most of the speakers at the late National Anti-Slavery Meeting, held in that city, of which Wm. Lloyd Garrison is President. The meeting seems to have been composed of a medley of white men and women, and niggers; and it is impossible to tell which of the sexes or colours is entitled to the palm of ruffian-like scurrility and bald-faced misrepresentation. We will not so far libel the mass of Northern men, as to quote the following as a fair specimen of Northern sentiment on the subject of our peculiar institution, because, if it was, the receipts of the Society for the last year, instead of being only seven thousand dollars, would have amounted at least to fifty times that amount. It is, however, a fair specimen of the infernal spirit of treason and fanaticism which govern the counsels of the ultra Abolitionists, prompting them to prefer a senseless negro hobby to the preservation of our glorious Union, with the unexampled blessings which it secures to all.

From the Franklin (La.) Planter's Banner.

Benton and Free Soil.—Mr. Benton made a speech recently at Jefferson City, Mo. in which he took strong grounds in favour of the Free Soil question. His position was strong enough, and plain enough to show that he intends to be to Missouri precisely what Henry Clay is to Kentucky, and that when the question of abolishing Slavery from Missouri comes up, that he intends to take the lead of the Abolition party.

Will not our State awake, and will not the South generally awake to the imminent dangers which are threatening in these gathering clouds? Can any man of the South be blind to the inevitable result that must follow the abolition movements which are going on in the border slave States? The alarming fact should fly with electric speed through the South that at this early period thousands of slaves are yearly sent from the border slave States into these farther South to be sold, in anticipation of the abolition of Slavery in those States. Let the fact be heralded through the South that the slave population of Missouri and Kentucky are to be *sent into these States and sold*, adding an immense and ruinous burden to the several States, and then, when their slaves are sent off and disposed of, and they are saved the sacrifice of their property, and have protected themselves against the burden of a free negro population, they enter the list of free States, and become furious in their charges upon the South and her institutions. Louisiana, and every other Southern State that has heretofore been a purchaser of slaves, should spare no time in passing laws forever prohibiting a single slave from being brought in to them for sale. Unless these things are seasonably attended to, the fate of the South will be inevitably sealed—she will be shorn of her strength, and will be overthrown and forever ruined by the blind, unsparing fanaticism of the North. Kentucky and Missouri now stand as levees against the Abolitionism of the free States—the crevasses which now threaten us at those two points will inudate and overwhelm the whole South unless attended to by those who have most to risk by the inundation.

From the Memphis (Tenn.) Eagle.

Recovery of Fugitive Slaves.—The following paragraph we find in the Indianapolis *State Journal*. It shows a commendable spirit of Justice on the part of Indiana.

"Geo. Ray, a citizen of Kentucky, brought suit in the United States Court, now sitting in this city, against Luther, Donnell, and William Hamilton, citizens of Decatur county, for the value of slaves which had escaped from him and were harboured by the defendants. The jury returned a verdict of fifteen hundred dollars, the amount they were proved to be worth."

It gives us unfeigned pleasure to publish items of the character of this. They are somewhat rare; and hence the Southern States are frequently urged forward into a strong position of sectional feeling. But there are some things, too, which are worthy of being considered in all soberness and conviction. When a slave escapes and gets his foot upon the soil of the Free States, there are some natural and inevitable difficulties in the way of his apprehension. He can put himself into the state of the wild beasts, take to the woods, travel by night, and live upon the chance supplies of nature. In a "Free State" the itinerant negro is not so liable as here to be arrested. But even when the difficulties in the way of arrest are overcome, there are other necessary difficulties in the way. Proof of property must be given; and, in the haste of hurried pursuit of the fugitive, this is seldom or never brought with the claimants. South and North the law *decides on evidence*, and if this is not at hand the agents of the law, having no arbitrary power, cannot act. Neither a stray sheep nor a stray negro can be surrendered without claim supported by evidence. Thus, for want of proper evidence of right to property, many Southerners lose their fugitive slaves. A distinguished Kentuckian, now actively in the field against the Emancipation movement in that State, in speaking of his recovery of fugitive slaves, said, that he did not believe that any United States Court in any section, would fail to enforce the rights of property in slaves, when sustained by legal evidence, because he did not believe sworn judges dare commit plain perjury. The difficulties in the way proceed from imperfect laws and the carelessness of slave owners, to a very great extent. The matter calls for Congressional action, (such as Virginia asks,) and the consideration of Southern men.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Telegraph.

A Commentary on Free Soil * Sympathy.—A remarkable incident has just happened here, which speaks volumes in favour of our existing institutions, and proves the *real character* of the pretended friends of the coloured race at the North.

A free coloured man who had long lived here, and owned property enough to keep him comfortable with the work he easily procured, *Jesse Oxendine* by name—was seized with the idea of moving to the free States, less than a year ago. He accordingly sold all his property, took the proceeds, amounting to several thousand dollars, and removed with his family to Ohio, where he purchased a small place, and intended to remain.

He found it impossible, however, to obtain any work, his applications being always answered by the statement, that they preferred *white labour there*, and that *Liberia* was the place for him.

Wearied and disgusted, he wrote back at last that he wished to return but was warned by the gentleman who had acted as his guardian that he could not legally do so, and that if he did he would be sold as a slave—the policy of the State prohibiting such return. He wrote word back that he *would prefer being a slave on any Southern plantation to being a freeman at the North*—and actually did return a few days since. He was immediately apprehended and taken into custody—but expresses himself perfectly satisfied to get back on any terms

His Northern *friends* have stripped him bare of property, and carried off as he has returned perfectly destitute.

Is not Northern philanthropy a most *moving* thing—first it *plucks* the coloured brother, and then ships him off to Liberia.—

* The editor of the *Telegraph* is not aware of the distinction between Free Soilers and Colonizationists. Oxendine evidently was so unfortunate as to get into the hands of the latter.

Selections.

From the Western Reserve Chronicle.

Insolence Office.—The attention of the reader is called to a letter, together with the just comments preceding, in another column, from Secretary Clayton, on the subject of granting passports to coloured citizens. Secretary Clayton with the greatest complacence, informs Mr. Hurst that *this* government does not grant passports to coloured men, unless attached to embassies in the capacity of servants.

Only think of it. The protection of this government is refused to a citizen of the United States? And for what? What crime has he committed? How has he offended? How became an outlaw? Who declares him unworthy of protection? None. No crime has the man committed. Neither is he an outlaw, but a citizen of the Government. His only offence, his only crime, is, that his skin is coloured; that he is not quite as fair as Mr. Clayton. Under this barbarous, oppressive, and unprecedented rule, no man of colour, be his standing what it may, can get the protection of his government if he wishes to travel abroad. If he goes away at all it must be as an outlaw. He, or his ancestors, may have fought to obtain that nationality whose protection is denied. He may pay taxes to support the government; may show his attachment and his loyalty to the government under which he received existence, in every possible manner, and yet cannot receive its protection when he humbly asks it. Under this rule, the man of colour, though he may have given his vote for Taylor, under whom Secretary Clayton holds the office he so degrades, must be denied the protection of the very same executive he assisted into power. Under this rule Frederick Douglass, a man of as much talent, of more eloquence, of more excellent qualities of head and heart, than Mr. Clayton, must be denied a passport and sent abroad an outlaw.—Yes, the man who has been received in foreign circles for his worth, with more eclat than could Secretary Clayton command, were he to go abroad, must be set down as an outlaw, as not worthy the protection of the government. Was ever such a high-handed act of usurpation known? Was ever so great an indignity offered to the American people? But what makes it still worse, is, that the Secretary intimates, that if coloured persons were attached to our embassies *as slaves*, they could then be protected. Is it come to this, that *slaves* are valued above freemen?—Can slaves be protected when freemen are denied? Is it the *slave* instead of the man that is regarded? Out on such an outrage. Let the people speak as they ought, as become freemen! Let the American people frown indignantly" upon this usurping, slaveholding oligarchy, and no further outrages of this character will be offered. If our people submit quietly to this indignity, and not make themselves heard, and refuse or neglect to send up their decided protest, they deserve only to be slaves.

From the (Pittsburg, Pa.) Daily Dispatch.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.—We copy the following from the *New York Globe* of July 23:

A number of coloured citizens of Boston have presented to Wm. Lloyd Garrison a silver pitcher, "in testimony of his undeviating devotion to the cause of universal emancipation." It would probably puzzle them to tell what benefit he has ever been to the cause.

Certainly the *Globe* has unlearned both its independence and perspicuity since the "Democratic Union' was effected, or foreshadowed in its title. What man in this Union has done half so much for the cause of emancipation as Mr. Garrison?

When the whole nation was consenting to the existence, perpetuity and unrestricted usurpations of Slavery—when no *Globe*, nor *Atlas*, nor any of the thousands of Northern presses, dreamed of interfering with Slavery extension or prescribing limits to slave domination Mr. Garrison alone, poor, and despised, issued, from a garret in Boston, the first number of "*The Liberator*"—An Abolition paper—the only one in America. Struggling with every difficulty, hated, reviled, persecuted—now suffering imprisonment in a filthy Baltimore jail—again in the hands of a Boston mob, with a rope around his neck, and only saved from hanging by being placed in a prison—yet again and again hooted, hissed, assailed from press and pulpit, all over the land, with vindictive hatred. Large rewards offered publicly in the slave States to the taker of his life—pelted with stones, brickbats, rotten eggs, and filth of all kinds, yet going fearlessly on, bearing down opposition with a courage and energy unsurpassed by that of any hero of any age—and triumphing at last, in the achievement of a total revolution in popular sentiment — compelling the two great parties of the North to do lip service at least for Abolition—to fawn and flatter the very men whom it had been their pleasure and their policy to denounce at every meeting and convention as incendiaries, fanatics, monsters of depravity. Rather let us ask what has Mr. Garrison not done for the cause of Truth! The very leader and prophet in the outset, he has never wavered nor

and his eloquent pen and tongue are still freely devoted to the cause, as when he first put on the harness for the mighty moral conflict, although too many who battled beside him for a time grew weary, and laid down to rest long ago. But for him, the *Globe's* "Free Soil party" would have had no existence. New York Hunkerism would still have gloried in alliance with the baby-stealers and women-whippers of the South. The slave might have looked to hopeless bondage—and the country to the unopposed extension of Slavery over every foot of American territory South of the Missouri Compromise Line. In many things we disagree with Mr. Garrison—but no man, we think, who regards truth and justice, will deny that he had proved himself, as was said by Joel Barlow of Alexander Hamilton—

"An Ithacus in camp, an Ajax in the field,"

throughout the long Anti-Slavery war.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1849.

Moderation.

The old fable of the bat who would be at the same time both bird and beast, and who ended by being neither, is unconsciously illustrated every day by very excellent persons. They flit about in that vespertinal region through which light fades by imperceptible degrees into darkness, gently reprehending the culpable extremes of noontide and midnight. They take mediocrity to be the happy mean of life, and by the silent example of their twilight virtue, convict both the eagle and the owl of an unwise excess. We do not accuse persons of this stamp of a conscious hypocrisy, we will only say that they mistake prudence for philosophy and respectability for virtue.

We wish to make a few comments upon an article by Dr. Peabody, of Boston, in the July number of the Christian Examiner. We doubt not that in writing it he was actuated by sincere motives, and we should not have thought it worth while to call attention to it, had we not seen it noticed as a model of philosophical reasoning. We admire as much as any one can that profound and kindly insight which can see the soul of goodness in things evil, but we think that one buys equilibrium of mind at a dear rate when he is fain to keep the balance poised by seeking only the soul of evil in things good to put in the other scale.

There is no more pernicious cant than this of moderation, no opiate which is at once so agreeable and so stupefying to the conscience. After reading such an article as this of Dr. Peabody's we are inclined to ask ourselves—are there no such things, then, as positive Right and positive Wrong? and does wisdom occupy a middle ground between the two? It does not touch the question at all to say that there are slaveholders who are pious, benevolent, kind-hearted, and the like.—Granting that there are, it is clear enough that, *quoad* are apt to think a particular course of conduct wise and prudent in proportion as it is convenient, and in the present condition of our politics and religion it is exceedingly convenient to sympathize with the wrongs and sufferings of the two hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders at the expense of the three million slaves. With our present light we are unable to see how a minister of Christ can make out the master to be any *more* his brother than the bondman.

Dr. Peabody closes one of his paragraphs with a pretty sort of antithesis about "a philanthropy which goes far enough to be indignant, but which will not take the trouble to be just." But are not indignation and justice sometimes at one? And this broad mantle of the Doctor's charity which he stretches over the Slaveholder, could he not have pieced it out so that it would have covered the Abolitionist also? Yes, very clearly, it *is* hard to be just. If Dr. Peabody can read Theodore D. Weld's "Slavery as it is" without feeling indignation, the boiling-point of his blood must be at a vastly higher mark than that of most. When he will show us a reform that has been carried on without enthusiasm, we will on our part do the hardest thing we know of—we will find an article on the Anti-slavery movement written by a Northern clergyman, the staple of which is not a conscious or unconscious justification of the writer's apathy or opposition. God makes fanatics as well as philosophers. Every man has his particular functions to perform, and is more or less of a nuisance until he has found out what he can do and done it. We see no good that can come of telling people that fanatics are fanatical. You may drive out the wasp that flies in at your study-window a hundred times, but she will come back again prying into every gimblet-hole till she has got quit of the last egg which it is her duty to lay. We presume that Dr. Peabody never reads the Prophets to his congregation. We mean no disrespect either to him or his profession when we say that nature puts something more (fire, or whatever it be) into her reformers than she expends in the composition of her Doctors of Divinity. For ourselves we can tolerate both these classes, and we suggest to Dr. Peabody that, if he were fitting out a vessel which was meant to *go*, he would not rig her exclusively with anchors and ballast. He would reconcile himself, we fancy, to the somewhat violent persuasion of canvass, or even to the fiercer enthusiasm of steam.

Against Dr. Peabody we will quote the excellent Dr. Jostin, certainly a moderate man and with nothing of the zealot in him. "A reformation," he says, "is seldom carried on without a heat and a vehemence which borders on enthusiasm, and, as Cicero has observed that there never was a great man *sine afflatu divino*, so in times of religious contests, there seldom was a man very zealous for liberty, civil and evangelical, and a declared and active enemy to insolent tyranny, blind superstition, political godliness, bigotry, and pious fraud, who had not a fervency of zeal which led him on some occasions somewhat beyond the bounds of temperate reason." Now Mr. Peabody is not unwilling that there should be Anti-Slavery feeling at the North, and a judicious expression of it, all that he desires is that the reform should be carried on as to exclude the reformers from any share in it. He even undertakes to show that those who express themselves most strongly feel the least interest in the subject. He says, as Coleridge had said before him, that men speak calmly when they are most deeply interested. But he lacks that fitness and fervour of illustration which Coleridge brought to the succour of his theories. Dr. Peabody cites to us the example of a merchant who will talk violently of politics, but subsides at once to plain matter of fact when trade is introduced. The only difficulty about this comparison of the merchant with the reformer is that there is not even the appearance of parallelism. Neither politics nor trade appeal to the highest nature of man. Ask Garrison how much two and two make and he will not tell you twenty, ask him how many slaves there are and he will not multiply the real number by a thousand. But tell him some story of wrong and suffering, and the fervidness of his nature will multiply the impression of it a thousandfold. No, Dr. Peabody cannot have his cake and eat it, any more than the rest of us. He cannot have reformers with milk and water in their veins. *All deacons are good*, says the Yankee proverb, *but there 's a difference in deacons.* The rule which governs deacons *a fortiori* includes the humbler orders of mankind. "What is the reason," said Gargantua, "that Friar John hath such a goodly nose?" "Because," said Grandgonsier, "that God would have it so, who frameth us in such form and to such end as is most agreeable to his divine will, even as a potter fashioneth his vessels." We are not more fond of violence or extravagance than Dr. Peabody, but we endeavour to reconcile ourselves to the operations of Providence, tolerably well convinced that the world is as well peopled in the average, as if we could have had the pleasure of having all men made in our image.

Dr. Peabody censures the fire and enthusiasm of Douglass, but gently and with an evident sympathy for the man. It is his associates, he thinks, who have corrupted him. We have a suspicion that if Dr. Peabody had seen his own sister whipped, the King's Chapel on the next Sunday would echo with an entirely unwonted kind of preaching. It is evidently the Garrisonians that he has no bowels for. He indulges in a sneer at them (a temperate and judicious kind of sneer) as "gentlemen of ease" who make speeches in Faneuil Hall. We rather think that even now it is easier to preach at King's Chapel than to make Anti-Slavery speeches in Faneuil Hall, and we doubt whether Dr. Peabody would find it easy to make one of Wendell Phillips's speeches anywhere. Must Dr. Peabody live in a Broad-street cellar before he could venture to speak of poverty in Boston, without being silenced as a "gentleman of ease"? It is not easy, God knows it is hard enough, to have a hope and a faith whose triumph depends on the conversion of many millions of people continually backsliding, continually taking the evil for the good, absorbed in the world and its cares.

However Dr. Peabody may understand the influence of the Abolitionists, it is very clear that but for them he never would have written such an article in the Examiner. He remains at anchor, it is true, but the tide has turned, and, without his knowing it, he has swung round to the length of his hawser. He is subject to the human weakness of not being willing to acknowledge the source of his change of opininion. In a few years the tide will set strongly enough to make him drag his anchor a little and get still farther down the stream. In a few years he may be willing to acknowledge some merit in the men who are nearly as violent as Luther, and who have formed their style by the Hebrew prophets. We could not avoid the conclusion in reading his article, that the author of it had voted for Taylor. If this be so, it is to be viewed rather as a sort of apologetic defence of that act, than as an expression of opinion unbiassed by the writer's position.—J. R. L.

For The Standard.

The First of August.

Song, I said, at least, should be
Hopeful, jubilant and free,
On this Anniversary.

Day on which a nation's pride
Bade it ope its portals wide
To a living, human tide.

Bade each bowed and broken thing,
Unto earth no longer cling,
But arise, and be a king.

King o'er self! the noblest boon
Deity, at Earth's high noon
May give manhood—nor yet soon.

Ah! it is a proud estate!
And of all the noble, great,
Who, of earth, has reached the state?

Oh how many near the chain!
Not alone mid servile train—
Not alone for sordid gain.

But where reckless passions rave
Chasing each into the grave,
With no human help to save.

Yes, when each hath learnt the art
Of controlling his own heart,
Slavery hath lost its dart.

Then no more shall men impose
Bonds on souls their own inclose;—
Bonds more galling than the foe's.

Chains no more shall women feel;—
But, when severed is the steel,
Hers will be more sweet appeal.

Children shall the pattern be
Which the Holiest meant, when He
Said, "Of such, my kingdom be."

Freedom! glorious thy power,
When—the Lamb's bride—thy meek dower,
Thus hath brought its perfect hour.

Song! at least *thou*, unto me,
Hast been hopeful, earnest, free,
On this Anniversary. C.

The *Liberator* of last week gives the following interesting letter from a correspondent in Philadelphia who evidently knows whereof he affirms. It is to be regretted however, that the writer did not sign his name, as such a statement has far more influence when it is known who is responsible for its truth. No one who has ever been in Charleston and knows anything of its "Sugar House" will doubt any of the facts here stated.

The Charleston Work House.—The Curtain Raised.

PHILADELPHIA, July 21st, 1849.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:

DEAR SIR,—I presume that before this reaches you, you will have read a partial account of a late insurrection in the "Charleston Work House," as published in the papers of that city—(if you have not, see slips enclosed.) My object at present is to give a candid statement of facts, which can be relied upon for their truthfulness, as well as to show the doings of the sons of chivalry in the sunny South.

First, then, it seems necessary that you should understand what is meant by the "Charleston Work House." Let me say that it is not a house of industry; neither is it a house of confinement for obstreperous youths, nor a place in which vagrants are taken care of; but, alas! it is a house of blood, of cruelties and of murders: an institution erected and licensed by the city authorities, solely for the imprisonment and corporeal punishment of the poor degraded slave. The "Charleston Work House" is far more horrible than any Spanish Inquisition that you have read of—deeds are enacted there which are a disgrace, a reproach, an everlasting stigma upon the dignity of man.

It is in this abominable place that the tyrranical master, for the most trivial fault, or for the hellish purposes of lust—on the jealous and termagant mistress, for a mere dislike, or something saucy which she perceives in the countenance of the abused slave, is allowed, at will and pleasure, to send their slaves, of either sex, age, or condition, to be "corrected." And how? in what manner? Before high Heaven I speak truly;—this is the mode. Iron rings for the feet are fixed in the floor, through which the foot passes to the instep; the hands are tied together, and by a block and tackle raised over the head, and drawn up to the ceiling of the room. During this operation the joints of the victim are often heard to crack; for be it remembered, the victims are in a state of nudity when thus prepared. The whipping-master—a strong, athletic fellow—deals out twenty lashes with cowhide three feet long, and about a quarter of an inch in circumference at the smallest end, each blow upon the flesh of the poor stretched slave causing the blood to flow, for an incision is invariably made upon the skin. After the whipping, the wounds are washed with salt and water to prevent mortification, and the slave sent back to the owner. This is no fancy sketch, but stern realitv. For each slave thus handled, the institution receives the sum of fifty cents—twenty-five cents turnkey fee, and twenty-five cents whipping fee.

Formerly, until within the last ten years, this Work House was let out at $3000 per annum; but the city fathers having discovered that the lessee was making a fortune by the shedding of blood, taking in annually upwards of $8000, refused leasing, and hired a master or superintendent, at a salary of 2,000 per annum, thereby securing the profits to the city. It was also formerly customary to publish the monthly reports of the income, and number of slaves whipped and otherwise punished, (I had a copy of said report, but it is somehow misplaced,) in the papers of the city; but it has been thought prudent, since 1836, to omit this publication, lest those impertinent Abolitionists should comment upon it. And be it known, that reverend gentlemen also patronize this house of cruelty, though in a cowardly manner. For instance: whenever a master or mistress wishes a servant "corrected," a constable is called, who takes his prisoner publicly to the Work House, and returns him or her to the master or mistress, for which he receives a fee of one dollar. But not so with the reverend gentlemen; they take their slaves into their private coaches early in the morning, have them whipped, and coolly return to their prayers and breakfast, as if doing God service. O, what hypocrisy!

I assert this as a fact, from twenty years' observation, and I do not feel backward in stating that the Rev. Wm. Capers, now Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Charleston, S. C., Rev. Dr. Bachman, of the German Lutheran, Rev. Mr. Forrest, of the Presbyterian, Rev. Benj. Gildersleeve, of the Congregational, Rev. Mr. Hanckel, of the Episcopal, Rev. Wm. H. Barnwell, of the Episcopal, and Rev. John B. Campbell, of the Episcopal, have and do now patronize this house of blood; and that the last named, Rev. J. B. Campbell, had a female slave most cruelly whipped about two years ago, for not cleaning his horse properly.

It was in this abominable house that the brave Nicholas was confined; it was amid such scenes that he lived. No wonder that his manhood was aroused; and to this add the fact that a female relative, a dear sister, was was also there incarcerated, soon to be sold—in fact, the slave trader named Gilchrist had already bought her, and had come to this very house to remove his *property*;—this so aroused Nicholas that he swore vengeance; he declared that this separation should not take place but by death. His manner so terrified Gilchrist, that he immediately called the master of the Work House, J. C. Norris, who threatened Nicholas; but, seeing that he was determined, and not to be intimidated, sent an express to the Mayor of the city with notice of this insurrection. In a little time, the whole city was alarmed. The keeper of the jail—which is adjacent to the Work House—whose name is James McCollin, having heard the noise, girded on his sword, and, with pistols in hand, went to the aid of his valiant countrymen, Gilchrist and Norris. But the three pale faces, with sword and pistols, were afraid to approach this roused man, until his Honour, the Mayor, arrived, with his posse, when, being outnumbered, and hacked by the sword, Nicholas was subdued, with his few followers. McCollin stated at the trial, that Nicholas exclaimed, at the top of his voice, 'Set us at liberty, and we will show you what we are; which expression, alone, from a slave, is worthy of death, says the chivalry of the South.

After a night of agony—for be it known, that the city that night was doubly guarded: no slaveholder went to bed without a loaded pistol under his pillow, and his chamber door locked, barred and bolted, for 'conscience makes cowards of them all'—to their great relief the morrow arrived, and Nicholas and his followers were brought to trial before a court of freeholders and magistrates—a mock trial. Five men who are freeholders, and two magistrates, doomed these men, Nicholas, George and John, to death, after a trial of a few hours; and in five days, it was carried into execution. The court was continuing its sittings upon the others implicated when I obtained the information from which I quote. How many more will be murdered by hanging or the bloody lash, a few days will evince.

Thus it is that men are murdered under the cloak of law; Southern jurisprudence establishing, and Southern Christianity, with bishops, priests and deacons, sanctioning such bloody proceedings.

O, when will this tyranny be over? When will the people of these United States love mercy and do justice? Ought they not to tremble for their country, as did Jefferson, and endeavour to save her from the impending wrath of God? Would there not be more wisdom and justice in the people of the free States calling public meetings and raising funds for the overthrow of this stigma upon republicanism, American Slavery, rather than to offer their aid and sympathy to European nations, whose Slavery, though bad enough, is a trifle 'light as air,' when compared to the Slavery that is protected by the Constitution of the United States of America?

Out upon such vile hypocrisy! Urge on, urge ever, faithful friend, devoted Garrison, a dissolution of this polluted Union; for be assured, that five years would not pass away after such an event, before the slaves would free themselves; for be it known, that the slaves of these United States are no mere African slaves, but they are slaves born in the United States; they have improved with the age, and, by the help of the Abolitionists, they are aware that Liberty or Death should be the watchword of every man, be his complexion what it may; and were it not for fear of Northern bayonets, (O, shame! shame!) they would soon come to the conclusion, that 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.'

Yours for the oppressed and truth,

PLACIDO.

Further Particulars.

Extract of a letter from a resident in Charleston, S. C., dated Charleston, July 22d, to a gentleman in Boston:—

"We have had quite an excitement here; the inmates of the Work House mutinied, and the keeper was compelled to let them into the street for his own safety.—He notified the Mayor of the fact and the alarm was given. Men ran in all directions with guns and bayonets, pistols, swords, canes, hatchets, &c. I could not imagine what was to pay. They arrested three, and had them tried the next day, and hung on Friday last—just eight days from their trial and conviction.—There are said to be one hundred and fifty up the road, part of whom are from the Work House; they have burnt several houses or plantations. Several companies have gone to hunt them.

Last Tuesday, ex-Governor Akin's coachman was taken to jail for being at the head of a plot. The three men who were hung divulged the plan, and told the leaders.

The three men were hung one at a time, and when the first was dead, he was laid under the scaffold, and the second brought under for his turn, and soon the third. The scene showed a revengeful disposition on the part of the people—hanging one at a time, and allowing the other two slaves to be spectators to the scene.

As near as I can ascertain, one of the fellows that was hung was a mason by trade, and paid his master twenty dollars a month, and at the same time had paid his master seven hundred dollars in part pay for his freedom, which his master agreed to give him when the amount agreed upon was paid. This, I understand, was $1,700; but his master put him up for sale, and he was sold. He refused to go with his new master, and ran. Officers were sent after him, and he was overtaken; he struck one of them, and I believe killed him. He was tried, and sentenced to be hung; but his old master, Kelly, said he was deranged, and got a new trial granted him. He was put in the Work House, to await the trial, when he headed this insurrection. His name was Nicholas; the other two, George and John. There are several more to be tried, who will probably be hung."

Congregational Friends on Slavery

We have noticed from time to time the schism among Friends in Western New York, which has resulted finally, as our readers will remember in the formation of a New Yearly Meeting, which met a few weeks ago at Waterloo. From the "Earnest and Affectionate Address" adopted at that meeting we make the following extract on Slavery.

3. *Slavery.* A moment's reflection must convince the sincere and dispassionate inquirer, that Slavery,—in reducing man to a chattel, a beast of burden, an article of merchandize, an instrument in the hand of an owner,—annihilates marriage; crushes the natural affections implanted in the mind by its Divine Author; utterly disregards the duties of husband, parent, child, brother; in short, violates every right of mind, and every moral law of God. It does the first, by prohibiting the use of man's physical and mental powers to promote his own happiness, and the happiness of those connected with him in the various relations of life;—the second, by making it impossible for the SLAVE to perform the duties which God requires, and to enjoy the happiness intended for man in the fulfilment of those duties,—and consequently, on the part of the SLAVEHOLDER is a flagrant violation of Justice, Mercy, Goodness, Love, and every moral principle; while, by stepping between man and the Divine requirements, it is a practical and blasphemous denial of God's right to Govern his creatures, and is *essential* and *most palpable* ATHEISM. In addition to this, it debases what is most noble; defaces what is most beautiful; sunders the dearest connections; crushes intellects, breaks hearts, and degrades bodies. It brings into action the worst feelings and passions; destroys religion, spreads moral pollution in the community; paralyzes industry, and even blasts the soil. It is enough to say, that this mighty wrong, this giant sin, numbers its three millions victims in our own country.

Could an evil of such magnitude be continued in our midst, were there vitality in the religion—in the churches of the country?—were not the ministry emanating from the ten thousand pulpits in the land, infidel to truth, to love, to humanity; and their occupants, consciously or unconsciously, caterers to the Infidelity, the Atheism which marks the system, and the complicated iniquities which are its attendants? Verily, nay.

4. Allied to this iniquity is the *Prejudice against Colour*, so shamefully prevalent among us. Man is identical in the elements of his being wherever found on God's earth; his feelings, his sorrows, his joys the same; the aspirations of his soul embrace alike the interests of time and eternity. And shall he presumptuously conclude, that He who has diversified creation with every hue, intended that the variety of complexion in the human family should separate his children from each other, or form a barrier to their mingling in common brotherhood! Shall he, in the indulgence of this unholy prejudice, deny even the power of Religion to remove it, and carry out his practical ungodliness by transporting his brother to other climes? So proclaims the cruel and unjust scheme of colonization—and *the Religion of the Country* sustains it.

The *Evening Post*, of this city, which 'Free Soil' woke up about a year ago to a consciousness of the existence of the system of Slavery in this country, has been waiting for several weeks for an answer to its call for information as to the authenticity of a certain rumour touching the refusal of Mr. Clayton to give a passport to a coloured man. The *Post*, we presume, knew as much about the matter then as it does now, and all that it knew or knows it found in the columns of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which first published, or the *Standard*, which copied from it, Mr. Clayton's letter; but, of course, it could not compromise its dignity so far as to acknowledge the obligation to a mere Abolition paper. However, it has contrived at length to be delivered of a very good article on the subject, which comes better late than never. Perhaps when that paper gets over the shock it has received at the abduction of Rey, at New Orleans, it will wake up, sometime this Autumn, to a sense of what is going on in Spartanburg. We give its strictures on Secretary Clayton:

Secretary Clayton's Law of Passports.

We noticed recently, in one of our exchanges, the statement that Mr. Clayton, President Taylor's Secretary of State, has recently refused a passport to a citizen of Pennsylvania, on the ground that he was a "person of colour." We questioned the truth of the statement when we read it, taking it for granted that there were some facts connected with the Secretary's refusal, if he had refused, which might explain and justify the course he had taken. We did not suppose any public functionary in this country was capable of an act so unjust, so intolerant and so mean.

To our utter surprise we find that in all these particulars we were mistaken. Mr. Clayton has refused a passport to a free coloured man, and he has done it upon the sole ground that the applicant was a person of colour, as appears by the following letter which has found its way into the public prints.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, June 9, 1849.

Sir: Your letter of the 7th instant, soliciting for Henry Hambleton, a coloured man, a passport or protection, is received, and, in reply, I have to inform you that passports are not granted by this department to persons of colour; and that protections are only given to them when they are in the service of diplomatic agents, &c. of the United States, going abroad.

Hambleton's certificate of nativity is herewith returned.

I am, sir, respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN M. CLAYTON.

Edward Hurst, Esq. Philadelphia, Penn.

A more flagrant outrage upon the rights of an American citizen was never perpetrated in this country, out of the State of South Carolina. There are, in more than half of the States of this Union, many thousands of men, recognized by the laws of those States as citizens, entitled, before the law, to enforce all the rights and privileges of citizenship in their respective States, who, by Mr. Clayton, are denied the protection of the American flag the moment they put their feet upon foreign soil. Our shipwrecked seamen, discharged servants, outraged or insulted citizens, who find themselves destitute, in foreign lands, if they are persons of colour, are to be thrust from the doors of our foreign ministers and consuls, and to be denied the aid, sympathy and protection which our diplomatic functionaries were sent abroad mainly for the purpose of dispensing.

The State of New York extends the privileges of citizenship to persons of colour. Within her bounds reside many thousand such citizens. By the Constitution of the United States these citizens "are entitled to all the privileges, immunities, and privileges of citizens in the several States." One of the paramount rights of every citizen of every State is the protection of the American government, not only in his own but in every foreign land. This protection, the Secretary of State virtually denies to a larger number of the citizens of the State of New York alone than are contained, all told, in the little State where he has played the Triton for so many years, and where he earned for himself the privilege of occupying a wider sphere in which to display a serpent's cunning, and more than a serpent's inhumanity.

Mr. Clayton has just as good a right to refuse a passport to any white citizen of New York as to any coloured citizen. He has no more authority to deny the protection of the American government to a man with a dark skin than to a man with red hair, or with a pug nose, or crippled, or distinguished in any other way, by some physical peculiarity. If the people of the State of New York are content to admit any or all these descriptions of men to the privileges and immunities of citizens, it is not for the Secretary of State to say, that the protecting arm of the national government shall not extend over them when they visit foreign shores.

That Mr. Clayton is fully aware of the outrage he is perpetrating upon the rights of the States where coloured persons are recognized as citizens, is apparent from the discrimination he makes in favour of those who "are in the service of diplomatic agents going abroad." If it be improper to give passports to persons of colour at all, by what authority are they allowed to the servants of a foreign minister? If they can be granted to the servants of a foreign minister, by what authority are they withheld from coloured persons who wish to travel abroad at their own expense, for the transaction of business, or in the pursuit of information or amusement. Mr. Clayton's distinction is an absurdity, and his refusal of the application of Hambleton is a crime. The letter above quoted dishonours the administration with which its author is connected, it dishonours the country in which he was born, and it insults every State whose citizens he has virtually disfranchised.

We presume that the Secretary of State will attempt to justify his course by appealing to the usage of the department over which he presides. What that usage may have been we are not advised. As the State department has been in the hands of slaveholders almost uninterruptedly since the foundation of the government, it is very possible that Mr. Clayton may find a precedent for his course, which his instincts and associations would make him but too happy to observe. If any such precedents exist, in our judgment, it is just as disgraceful now to follow them as it was originally to establish them. An act so clearly wrong cannot be palliated, much less justified by usage.

STRAINING AT GNATS.—The grannies of the press are rolling up their eyes, and holding up their hands in pious and democratic horror over the following paragraph, in an account, in *The Freeman's Journal*, of a school examination, or something of that sort, at the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," in this city:

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes and many of the reverend clergy were present, among whom, seated at the right hand of *his lordship* on the chair of honour, I distinguished with pleasure the venerated Father Mathew. The exercises opened with a piece of instrumental music, greeting the entrance of *his lordship* and the reverend clergy. *His lordship* then made a short address, observing that he could not prevail upon himself to disturb, by any remarks of his, the pleasing impressions which the entertainments of the day must have produced in every heart.

When the good old ladies get through the painful deglutition of this morsel, perhaps they will tell us wherein there is anything more shocking in the application of this ordinary title to a dignitary of the Catholic Church, than in addressing a Governor as "Your Excellency," or speaking of an Episcopal Bishop as a "Right Reverend Father in God."

DEMOCRACY IN OHIO.—The Old Hunkers of *Fayette* Co. Ohio, recently held a public meeting at Paint Township, at which one John Carle presided, and a John S. James acted as Secretary. After due deliberation, a speech from John Hays, and a report from a Committee, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted. The fellows ought to change the name of their county, and no doubt would, if they knew that Lafayette said, not long before his death, that he would never have drawn his sword in the American Revolution had he known that it would not have abolished Negro Slavery.

PREAMBLE.—In view of the great increase of the coloured population in this portion of the country, and the improper means made use of by the Abolitionists to encourage and harbour them, without any respect to their character or conduct among us, we do adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we will not vote for an Abolitionist for any office whatever.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the repeal of the Black Laws, and that we will use all just means to have them in force again.

Resolved, That we are opposed to any action or interference on the part of Northern men with Slavery as it now exists in the Southern States.

☞ A late number of the Mississippian, a paper published at Jackson, Miss., contains the following paragraph, which may open the eyes of those wise people who insist that slavery can never exist in California, and therefore need not be prohibited:

Slaves Profitable in California.—The idea that slave property cannot be sufficiently profitable to permit negroes to be taken to California, is turning out to be untrue. A negro woman and her child sold at San Francisco lately for $1,900. This we learn from our last dates. Now, if we can get this price for our slaves, it would be worth while sending there every slave in Mississippi. But this fact shows us the value of slave labor. The price paid for this slave would have been much larger, but for the clamor against this kind of property raised by the northern fanatics. So scarce are servants, that the services of this slave are worth $150 per month. We can see, also, that if slaves were employed on the *placers* where nothing but mere physical labor is required, that our field hands could make a thousand fold more for us than in Mississippi; and even in the field in California, their value would be increased sufficiently to render their exportation a matter of interest to us. We have, then, the strongest possible inducement, even in a pecuniary point of view—and without for a moment contemplating the rights which we hold in the confederacy—to resist to the last extremity any interference by Congress which shall aim to deprive us of the privilege of emigrating with our slaves to California. It cannot be supposed by the more patriotic and sober citizens of the North, that such an insult would be tamely submitted to.

MEETING AT MILTON.—We have received a report of the proceedings of the meeting at Milton on the 1st inst., but it came too late for this week's paper. It shall appear in our next issue. We were prevented by illness from enjoying the pleasure of being with the friends of the cause at Milton, and cannot therefore speak from our own experience of the pleasures of the occasion, but we hear from others that it was all that was anticipated.

APOLOGETICAL.—We are half disposed to keep a standing apology at the head of our editorial columns so long as the Cholera lasts, as hardly a week passes that the pestilence does not, in some way, interfere with our arrangements. Any want of interest, for which the resident editor is responsible, in this week's paper, is to be attributed to an attack of the prevailing indisposition, which, when neglected, terminates in Cholera.

☞ Commodore Parker, it is said, is ordered to proceed to Cuba with the home squadron, to order the release of the Spaniard Francisco Rey, who was abducted, so it is alleged, from New Orleans, through the instrumentality of the Spanish Consul and some other persons, and conveyed to Havana. We have not yet heard that a regiment has been sent to Spartanburg to demand the release of Barrett.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XLIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—*Advent of Father Mathew—Friday.—Aristocracy and Grannyocracy.—His Reception.—Festival in Faneuil Hall.—Its success.—Anti-Catholic distresses.—The Pledge and the Police Court.—A Feastful Fast.—The Correspondent upon President Taylor's Recommendation.—He is logical and carryeth it out to its legitimate conclusions.—Draught on Piety at Three Years.—American tastes.—The Correspondent clothes the President in laughter as with a garment.—He completh him with the Devil.—The Special Train.—The Meeting at Worcester.—Mr. Garrison and the Scriptures.—Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Parker in the morning.—Mr. Ballou, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Emerson in the afternoon.—The Grove.—Its demerits.—Truth in a Well.—Crash of seats—The mighty brought low.—Novel allusion.—General success, notwithstanding.—The Fast chosen by Zachary Taylor and that chosen by God.—Mr. Garrison's interview with Father Mathew.—Conclusion of Argument.—How the interview with Father Mathew began, continued and ended.—American edition of an Irish Address.—Departure of Mrs. Follen for Europe, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, Aug. 4th, 1849.

Father Mathew's visit is the latest variety which has been given to the monotony of our summer life. The reception of the Irish Apostle was not as enthusiastic as it would have been a few years since. There are tides in the affairs of Temperance as well as in those of men, and it has been rather low tide on these shores for some years past. The cause in this city has fallen into well meaning, doubtless, but somewhat absurd management which has rather brought it into ridicule than otherwise. It is hardly right to call it an *aristocracy*, as is sometimes done, that has taken charge of it here. It is rather a *Grannyocracy*. Like other venerable nurses they have, with the best intentions in the world, managed to overlay their charge, or to damage it by their injudicious treatment. The result is, that the cause of Temperance would probably be rather in the rear of where it was ten years ago, if it had not been for the labours of the Washingtonians. And as it is, it has not done more than hold its own.

The day of his reception was a very fine one, and the streets through which the procession passed had quite a holiday look. The Irish were out in great force, and it was pleasant to see the signs in their dress and deportment of an improving condition. The procession was not very numerous, and the most interesting portion of it was the Irish Societies with their badges and medals. Father Mathew remained standing and uncovered in a barouche the whole distance, acknowledging the cheers and salutations of the crowds as he went along. A day or two afterwards, a Festival was held in his honour in Faneuil Hall, which also, was only moderately successful. The number present, though large, did not *show* large from the great size of the Hall. It had been intended to have the company seated at tables, and the entertainment conducted in the fashion of a dinner or a supper. But this plan was changed, from an apprehension of an inordinate crowd, and a table laid in the centre of the Hall, surrounded by an enclosure, from behind which the refreshments were served.

Had the first plan been adhered to, it would have been better, as it fell out. It would have relieved the stiffness of the affair materially. The Chairman, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, jr., who is as stereotyped a president of festival meetings as the Duke of Cambridge himself, did his best, but how could a man stand up on the platform of Faneuil Hall and be witty for any considerable number of consecutive hours? Father Mathew, when introduced to the audience, seemed really embarrassed and overcome either with awkwardness or emotion, and made but a very short speech. Addresses were made by several gentlemen besides. The refreshments were very abundant and of the best quality, and the deportment of the company extremely decorous and well bred. There was none of the pressing and crowding that is so often seen at public parties, not to say private ones. At an early hour Father Mathew retired and the party broke up, with three cheers repeated for their guest. The chief amusement of the evening was to watch the expression of the faces of several eminent Anti-Catholic, Popish Plot clergymen, when the reception of Father Mathew was used to illustrate the progress of liberal opinions, and the subsidence of old Puritanic prejudices. It was very funny to see their suppressed emotions. He has, however, done a good work during his stay. He has administered the pledge to many thousands of his countrymen, and his success is read in the records of the Police Court, which have had scarcely any cases of drunkenness to deal with since he came.

Yesterday, according to previous arrangement, we went up to the heart of the commonwealth, to show our due share of President Taylor's Fast Day, by turning it into a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing. If the cholera be sent as a sign of the Divine displeasure for the sins of the Nation, it must be the crying sin of Slavery, that the most loudly demands it. It would be ridiculous, were it not so revolting to read the recommendation of the impenitent old manstealer that rules over us to fast and pray for the propitiation for the Divine vengeance, while all the time the blood of the Mexican War calls aloud to heaven, and the cries of his own victims ascend forever to the throne of God. If the theory on which the Fast was recommended be true, who would be the first criminal on whom the pestilence would descend in vindication of the Almighty justice? The wail would go up from the White-House as it did from the parlour of Pharaoh, when the destroying Angel passed over Egypt, and visited with an impartial hand all the households of the nation of oppressors. But, of course, we all understand the meaning of this manœuvre. It is a mere draught on the piety of the nation, to be accepted now and paid when it falls due in the autumn of 1852. It was not a bad kite to fly. Our maligners say that we Americans have no objection to cheating our neighbours, in a lawful way, when Providence opens an effectual door; but we find the pleasure quite as great in being cheated ourselves, provided it be done solemnly and prosperously. I cannot think so ill of the head of the nation as not to believe that he laughed, not in his sleeve only, but from the topmost collar to the extremest skirt of the old great coat, and all round the old white hat, when he signed that document. If *he* did not, the *Devil* did, at any rate.

The weather yesterday was extremely fine, and one of the largest companies I ever saw assembled for a like purpose, congregated at the Depot of the Worcester Railway in Boston. After all the cars which had been provided had been filled, "the cry was still they come," and two several additions had to be made to the train ere all the comers were tolerably accommodated. All the spare cars at this *terminus* were put in requisition. The other railways which radiate from Boston over New England had furnished their contingent to our noble army. After some delay, caused by this unexpected crowd, we were conveyed with considerable speed to Worcester. We were deposited at a point near the Grove where the Meeting was to be held, and forthwith proceeded thither. We found it already under way, Mr. Garrison in the Chair, reading appropriate Scriptures, of which there are not a few. Mr. Burleigh, Mr. Theodore Parker and Mr. Garrison occupied the chief of the morning, in very effective speeches, as far as I could judge from the Elegant Extracts which I was able occasionally to catch from my enforced position on the outskirts of the Assembly, and from what I was told by credible ear-witnesses. In the afternoon, Mr. Ballou began with a speech full of transparent good sense and moral demonstration. Mr. Phillips followed and clearly and eloquently set forth the philosophy of the West India Emancipation,—how it was brought about, how it had worked, the points of difference between American and English Statesmen in regard to Slavery, and the comparative facility of Emancipation in this country compared with the West Indies. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson followed Mr. Phillips in a brief speech marked by his peculiar tone of thought and expression. Mr. Garrison was speaking at the time the inexorable Necessity of the Special Train called away those who were to return to Boston that night.

The speeches were extremely good, but the grove was not favourably made for hearing them. In the first place, there was a scarcity of an article usually thought important to a grove, to wit, *trees*, and, consequently, rather a short allowance of shade. In the second place, the pitch of the hill, on the side of which, looking up, the platform was placed, was so steep that a small part of the numbers in attendance could see the speakers. On that occasion, at least, the old proverb was verified; for Truth was certainly at the bottom of a *Well*. In the third place, the seats provided were not strong enough to endure the pressure of the many "weighty friends" who sought their relief, and every now and then the flow of eloquence was interrupted by the crash of a row of temporary benches, and the scenery varied by the sudden prostration of a long line of admiring listeners. Recovering strength, however, from the embrace of their mother earth (to use an entirely *new* classical allusion,) they arose like so many Autouses and took up the thread of the discourse with refreshed attention. This running accompaniment was continued at intervals until nearly all the seats had been reduced to their original elements. But with all these drawbacks, it was an extremely successful occasion. From the numbers we left on the ground when the endless Special Train departed, there must have been a very large attendance from Worcester and the country round about. We, at least, had the satisfaction of knowing that we had kept not the Fast which Zachary Taylor had appointed, but that which the Lord hath chosen.

The most *piquant* portion of the proceedings was Mr. Garrison's account of his interview with Father Mathew, as a Committee to invite him to attend this meeting. He, Mr. Phillips and Dr. Bowditch were a Committee to wait upon him for this purpose. When he was introduced to him, Father Mathew said,

"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr. Garrison, though I have never seen you before!"

"Yes," replied Mr. G. "My name is sufficiently notorious, but not yet popular."

After some civilities touching common friends at Cork, Mr. Garrison broached his business, which evidently produced no agreeable impression on the Apostle's mind.

"He could not intermeddle in matters of this sort; he came merely for the specific object of advancing temperence; he was besides a Catholic Priest and could not engage in proselytism."

"It was true," Mr. G. replied, "that he could not with propriety engage in proselytism; but this was not a matter of theological op

Foreign Correspondence.

Letter from Jamaica.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, May 15, 1849.

Our Island seems to be undergoing a great political change for her good. Prejudice has undoubtedly ceased more by compulsion than hearty repentance on the part of the planters, for the old leaven is still in their hearts, and they are still wishful to have Slavery restored. Another pleasing aspect, our excellent Governor is a thorough going liberal, and an enemy to distinction. He has offered the Custodship, or Lord Lieut. of the parish, to two coloured men, Jno. Samuel Brown, the Hon. Member of Assembly for St. James's parish, and Edward Lordan, the senior member for this city, and talented and liberal Editor of the Morning Journal. The latter is our candidate for the next mayorality, in opposition to the Hon. Hector Mitchel, the tyranical mayor, who his Excellency was obliged to take his commission as Custos from, for taking up poor people for singing hymns in their houses, and dragging them to prison for no other crime than for peaceably devoting themselves to their worship, according to the dictates of their consciences. In January, 1851, we hope (having two thirds of the voters pledged to our side) to oust this political tyrant. We attempted it last election, but through his great riches and large bribery he defeated Mr. Jor dan by upwards of 60 votes out of 500. Since then we have recorded 150 more of coloured people to add to the 217, which will make our number nearly 400. We willcontinue to add to our list until January 1851, when the great political battle will be fought, if the tyrant does not think proper to retire, as several have already done. It is with the greatest reluctance that we were compelled to enter the political arena, and nothing but urgent necessity has driven us to it; for our enemies would still have kept us under their feet. We have taken this course to clear the House of Assembly and Magistracy of those who have laid heavy burdens on us, and squandered away the public funds on Emigration, plunged ourselves and posterity in debt to the tune of £500,000, on which we are not able to pay the very interest.

Yours, Very truly,
H. W. DAVISON.

SYDNEY H. GAY, New York.

General Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE—ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

The steamer Cambria, Capt. Shannon, arrived at Halifax on Thursday morning, and at this port on Saturday. She brings seven days later news from Europe, and 56 through passengers.

The Cambria spoke the Niagara about 15 hours out from Liverpool.

ENGLAND.—Parliament is to be prorogued on the 9th inst. The motion which Lord Brougham previously announced his intention to make, with reference to the French expedition to Rome, was laid upon the Peers' table on Friday. The resolutions embraced a wide range of subjects, and implied a direct censure of the foreign policy of the Government; and it is understood that the Envoys and Agents in Northern Italy and in Sicily, will be fully noticed. In the debate which took place on the 20th, in allusion to the Cholera, Lord Ashley, the Chairman of the Board of Health, stated in the House of Commons on Tuesday last, that he had reason to know that not one half of the cases were reported.

Enough, however, is officially known to render it certain that the epidemic is raging in many parts of the country to a dreadful extent. During the last week 339 deaths by Cholera were reported in London, which is more than double the number of the preceding week. At Bristol, Plymouth, Portsmouth, and along the whole of the south coast, it is raging in a very malignant form, and the mortality is very great. At Liverpool the disease is rapidly increasing; the number reported for four days previous to Thursday were respectively 64, 74, 85, 102.

Scotland continues to be generally exempt from the scourge.

Mr. Macready, the celebrated actor is editing, and will shortly publish, an edition of Pope's works.

IRELAND.—On the 12th July, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, a very serious collision took place between a party of armed Orangemen and Catholics near Castle William, in the County of Down. The Orange party having celebrated the day, and being on their march home, while passing a defile called Dolby's Brae, found their path waylaid. All the pass and surrounding hill was occupied by an immense number of Roman Catholics provided with pikes and fire-arms, and plainly contemplating a general massacre. The Protestants, aided by a small party of police and military, stood upon their defence, and succeeded in forcing their way through the pass after a short struggle, in which 40 or 50 persons are said to have been killed or wounded on both sides, much the greater proportion being of the Roman Catholic party. Thirty-eight Ribbonmen had been taken prisoners. On Sunday two medical gentlemen drove through the country round about the scene of contest, with the view of administering relief to those who were wounded, but they were refused admittance at every house where they called.

The *Cork Examiner*, in alluding to the potato crop, says the disease has appeared in a few fields, there can be no doubt, but it is equally positive that as yet the general crop is saved, and in almost all places unusually abundant and thriving. The general impression is that it is so far advanced, that supposing a blight in, the taper will have been out of the ground before such time as the disease could have reached it.

Offers of several private residences have been made for the accommodation of Her Majesty during her sojourn at Cork, which, as it is not her intention to step out of the Royal Yacht have been graciously declined.

FRANCE.—The Committee of the Legislative Assembly, to which the question of the prorogation was referred, has come to the unanimous decision of recommending that the Assembly should be prorogued from the 15th of August to the 15th of October.

The Budget will not be brought forward until after the meeting of the Assembly in October.

We learn from the Department of Eure that the Socialist agents, undismayed by previous reverses, are still very active in making proselytes among the peasants.

The *National* announces that Prince Canino, the son of Lucien Bonaparte, and ex-President of the Roman Constituent Assembly, has been arrested at Orleans, by Order of the Government, on his road from Marseilles to Paris. It is said that having a claim against his cousin Louis Napoleon, for money lent in aid of his election, the Prince came to France to demand it, the cousin's conduct against Rome having stirred up his ire. It is said that the Prince will not be imprisoned, but that he will be forced to embark for England or America.

The report of M. Combarèld Seyel on the Law of the Press, has been distributed. It is favourable to the measures of the Government.

The resignation of the five Mayors of Paris has been attributed to some offensive remarks expressed in a document by the Prefect, M. Berger, among others that it was their misfortune to live under a Republic.

The election to fill 35 vacancies in the Legislative Assembly has turned out much more favourable to the Government than was anticipated. With the exception of M. Jules Favre, who was returned for Lyons, every one of the newly elected members are of the majority and will support the Government as long as the majority hold together. The *Debats* sees great cause for anxiety in the passive victory obtained in the elections a victory due entirely to the fact that an immense number of the electors refrained from voting. That, says that journal appears to be a bad symptom. It is an evil upon which we cannot close our eyes. We are the strongest to-day, but we can find nothing to show that we should be so to morrow. It is admitted by all that a *coup de main* is probable. The questions openly discussed are about a Consulate for Life, the Empire, Henry. and Compte de Paris. The change of Ministry is considered an event most certain to occur within a very short time. The *Siecle* says Mole is to be President of the Council; Thiers Minister of the Interior, and Falloux of Foreign Affairs.

By a decree of the 13th inst. Gen. Lamoriciere has been appointed Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary of France to Russia, and he is said to have left Paris for the headquarters of the Emperor of Russia.

Baron de Rothschild is about to leave Paris on a trip to Italy. It is said that his journey is in connection with the indemnity to be paid by Piedmont, which would necessitate a loan and also the unpaid half-year's interest on Roman bonds.

The progress of the investigation into the affairs of the 13th of June, has become less active, owing to some arrests recently made, and to the discovery of important correspondence. There is a talk, also, of certain revelations which will increase the number of the accused, who are to figure before the high court of justice.

Sergeant Rattier, the *montagnard* representative, has escaped to England.

ITALY.—The Pope has addressed an autograph letter to Gen. Oudinot on the occasion of receiving the Keys of the City of Rome. His Holiness congratulates the General on the triumph of order in Rome and expresses his hope that Divine Providence will remove the difficulties that may still exist. He adds that he does not cease to direct his prayers to Heaven for the General, the Army and the French nation. The letter was dated Gaeta July 5.

Bardinal Picoli and the Marquis Sacchette, arrived in Rome from Gaeta on the 9th. The latter is Grand Chamberlain of the Apostolic Palace.

Preparations are making at Rome, which lead to the impression that Pius IX. is expected soon to return to the Quirinal. All the wounded have been removed from that Palace.

The French are doing all they can; distributing money free to get up a cry in his favour, but in vain.

The Roman troops, who had agreed in the first instance to do duty conjointly with the French, are all leaving, and the whole force remaining now amounts to less than 1,000 men. Of these, many were anxious to leave, but Gen. Oudinot would not give consent. The Pope's engineers, having been asked to make a demonstration in his favour, preferred quitting his service. Thirty-nine out of forty-three resigned, and all the rank and file were disbanded. The same occurred in the artillery. All the officers having resigned, with the exception of three captains and a sergeant. The reason given is that the French authorities refused to give them any promise or guaranty as to the protection of the rights of the people.

Garibaldi has succeeded in making his escape good from the French division, who were put upon a false scent, and he is now on the mountains of Abruzzi. Previous to his departure from Rome he had secured the ammunition and military stores. Another account states Garibaldi is on the Neapolitan frontier, where he has been joined by another body of fugitive troops and formed, it is said, a body of 20,000 men.

The besieged operations against Venice have been discontinued in consequence of the fatal prevalence of fever and sickness amongst the Austrian troops, by the excessive heat and hard work.

The American Charge d'Affairs has been compelled to take down his arms in consequence of his house having been forcibly entered by the French patrol in pursuit of two deserters.

HUNGARY, AUSTRIA, AND RUSSIA.—Although numerically considered the hostile forces, are of opposing superiority the Hungarians are very far indeed from being in any desperate extremity.

A Turkish Embassador in Paris received a dispatch on the 19th inst by a courier, announcing that the Polish General Bem had again completely defeated the Russians under the command of Leurs in Transylvania and that the latter had been obliged to take refuge in Wallachia with a small remnant of his army.

Another and probably a more reliable account of this battle states that 180 pieces of canon were brought into the field by the Hungarians, and the loss sustained by the latter in artillerymen may be estimated from the circumstance that several of the guns had to be served latterly by the Dutchmeister infantry. Nothing could be more complete than the defeat of the united Russo-Austrian armies under Haynau. He was obliged to fall back on Raab, where his headquarters are at present, and which city is filled with wounded. He has been obliged to send 3,000 wounded to Presburg. But for the timely arrival of the Russians to cover his retreat, Haynau and his staff would have been taken.

As the Ban Jellachich lately demanded by a flag of truce, the garrison of Peterwardin to surrender, the commander of the garrison replied: "I know well how affairs stand, and that the so called Ban of Croatia will soon find himself surrounded, and with his whole army be destroyed." Bem has collected all his troops near Szeg-din, to make head against the Russians. The Ban holds the enemy in check, making successful sorties.

Comorn will soon be invested. The Corps of Gun Grabbe were marching on it. The Hungarian General, Georg-ry, is still alone and in the field, in spite of the Vienna press, which has lately not only wounded and killed him, but also deprived him of his command. In Comorn a white and black flag were waving on the battlements as symbols of the contest for life or for death.

A Hungarian, Descontents Gallaira, so much feared the fact of the Kingdom being placed in a state of seige, affords some foundation for the contemplated rising in that country in connection with the Hungarian movement. The Polish frontier is so strictly guarded that nothing but the post can pass. The Emperor of Russia left Warsaw suddenly on the 10th for St. Petersburg.

PIEDMONT.—The negotiations for the conclusion of Peace between Austria and Piedmont, says a letter from Turin of the 14th, are suspended.

The exigencies of Austria are the recommendations of M. Galdna and the Envoy of Piedmont in London, who always writes to procrastinate as much as possible the definite arrangement of the Austrio-Sardinian question, are the sole cause of the delay.

On the 1st August the Chambers are convoked and if they are animated by the extravagant spirit of the preceding Legislature they will at once divest the king of the power of —— and probably drive him to a renewal of hostilities.

PRUSSIA AND DENMARK.—The armistice between Prussia and Denmark has been ratified. A suspension of hostilities both by sea and land for six months is agreed to. At the close of this period the armistice if not to be renewed is to continue six months longer. The blockade is to be raised as soon as the Prussian troops have been moved to the mouth of Flensburg. The captured vessels with their cargoes are to be restored on both sides.

During the continuance of the Armistice the Duchy of Schleswig is to be governed by a Commission, of which one member is to be nominated by the King of Denmark and one by the King of Prussia. The Queen of England is to be requested to nominate a third member, who is to decide in all cases when the other two cannot agree.

The North of Germany is again quiet, but in the South the insurgents still hold out within the fortress of Radstadt. The whole of the Grand Duchy of Baden, with that exception, is occupied by the Prussian troops. The lives of the captive Republicans are to be spared, and Gen. Radowitz has orders to transport them to the United States.

CHOLERA—WEEKLY REPORT.—Twenty-two Homœopathic Physicians in the Cities of New-York and Brooklyn, have reported the following results in the treatment of Cholera, as reported by them to the Board of Health:

	Cases.	Deaths.
During the week ending Aug. 2	42	9
Total previous to the 2d inst.	162	23

From The Herald.

Dreadful Railroad Accident near Princeton, N. J.--Two Persons Killed and Twenty or Thirty Wounded, &c. &c. &c.

At about a quarter past eight o'clock, yesterday morning, as the early train from Philadelphia to this city had reached Clarksville, about two miles the other side of Princeton, a terrible accident occurred, which has, ere this, carried mourning into many families. The facts, as near as our reporter could learn them, on the spot, were these:

At the place where the accident occurred, there is a turn-out, leading to the bank of the Delaware and Raritan Canal. For the purpose of making this turn-out available, there is, of course, a switch, which, when turned in the proper direction, will not interfere with the direct progress of the cars, but which, when occasion requires, will lead the car or cars off from the direct track and conduct them, of necessity, to the brink of the canal. To guard this switch and to prevent accidents, the company employ a man, who, with his family live near the spot, and whose sole business is to see that the switch is kept in a proper direction. As the cars were passing this spot, yesterday morning, the engineer perceived, when too late to avoid the accident, that the switch was turned the wrong way, and that the cars were fast making their way for the canal. The engine was immediately reversed, but the impetus was too great—the speed being some thirty miles per hour—to prevent disaster. Shocking to relate, the engine plunged headlong into the canal, dragging after it the platform car, on which was the freight and baggage crates. A tremendous concussion, of course, ensued, and the first and second passenger cars came in violent contact. To use the expression of a witness to the terrific scene, they were dovetailed together.

The scene or horror that insued may be imagined, but cannot be definitely described. Both cars were filled with passengers, and the bodies of those passengers, of course, interposed between the cracking and breaking parts of the cars. The engineer leaped from his perilous position, and escaped unhurt; the forward brakeman remained at his post until the very last moment, when, seeing that he could do nothing to avert the catastrophe, he also leaped off, and was injured but slightly.

When the concussion had taken place, and the passengers had time to recover their breath, their ears were assailed by the most piteous cries of distress and implored aid. The conductors of the train and the passengers immediately set about the work of release and rescue, when a shocking picture presented itself to their view. Here a mangled corpse, there a wounded and writhing man, and again a helpless woman, shrieking with agony and covered with blood, met their view. The work of destruction having had its sway, the work of mercy commenced, and in a comparatively short time, all the surviving victims to this unfortunate accident were released from their position in the cars, and removed to places where their wants might be attended to, and their wounds properly dressed. On casting about, it was found that Mr. William Conover, of Trenton, superintendent of repairs on the canal, was killed, as was also an unknown man, apparently an Irishman, who had taken passage in the 2d class cars. These are the only two persons who were ascertained to have been killed outright. There was a rumor of an infant having been crushed, but our reporter could not follow the rumor to what seemed to him fact.

We give, also, the names of the wounded:

Jas. Hollingsworth, of Philadelphia, not greatly injured.

Mrs. Hollingsworth, wife of the above, is seriously injured, and her life is considered in great jeopardy, in fact will not probably recover. Their infant child was saved almost unhurt.

Matthew North, of Philadelphia.
Eliza Bryan, do.
Capt. Shipper, of Bordentown, was considerably injured, but is doing well.
Thomas Glassop, of Frankfort, Pa. was thought to be seriously injured, but he recovered in the afternoon and was doing well when the afternoon train of cars came through.
Joseph Glassop, son of the above, was considerably injured about the head; he was brought to Jersey city, and is doing well.
Barbara House, of Philadelphia.
Mary Ann Gaston, of Philadelphia, coloured.
Mrs. Eliza Hand, of Philadelphia, and her mother.
Mrs. Mary Lindsley.
W. R. Waters, of Pottsville, Pa. a compound fracture of the right leg.
Simon Griswold, of New York.
Charles Mousley, of Philadelphia.
Martin Merritt, do.
Wm. Milkman, do.
Patrick Mackpere, of Williamsburg.

These are all the persons whose wounds are of such a character as to make it necessary to mention them here. There were quite a number of persons who were slightly injured. The physicians of Princeton, Drs. Bartine, Dunn and Schenck, were soon in attendance, and rendered all possible aid to the sufferers. And the passengers who had escaped unhurt were also efficient in offices of kindness.

It is believed by many that the switch was turned the wrong way by some evil-disposed person, as the wife of the man whose office it is to attend to it states, positively, that she saw the switch at 5 o'clock in the morning, and that at that time it was turned in the right direction. But as the matter will, no doubt, be fully and fairly investigated, we will say nothing about the rumors. Several rumors, in the form of letters and cards, have reached us; but as the facts which we give are from the personal observations of our reporter, and from the information given to him by eye witnesses on the ground at the time, we shall not give them. An incident occurred at the time of the accident, which is now told to every one who listens to the story of the lamentable affair at Princeton. It was as follows:—As the cars approached the canal, and when the catastrophe was beyond all doubt unavoidable, a mother who had been seen fondling a beautiful infant, darted from her seat, and in an instant tossed the smiling cherub clear from the cars upon the grass which grew at the roadside. A thrill of terror, for the moment, seized the few spectators who witnessed the act of the mother, fearing that she might have franctically destroyed the life of her child—but it was ordered otherwise. The child landed upon the grass and was unhurt, while the mother was considerably injured, though not fatally. The chances are, however, that had she retained her hold upon the infant, it would have been killed.

We are greatly indebted, and take this opportunity to return thanks to Mr. Wm. Coulton, the gentlemanly conductor of the Philadelphia Pilot line, and also to the conductor of the line between New Brunswick and Princeton, for their kindness in rendering assistance to our reporter, while in the pursuit of information relative to this sad affair. Mr. J. R. Thompson, and the physicians of Princeton above named, will also accept an acknowledgment of our obligations. No mere hearsay can equal an actual witnessing of the scene where such an occurrence has transpired. The scene at Princeton was heart-rending. In one room lay the dead, and in several others lay upon couches, rendered as comfortable as possible, the wounded, who but a few hours previous were hale and hearty, and some of them elate with the idea of soon meeting friends from whom they had been for some time separated. One man, from whose cheek the pain of a dreadfully fractured limb had not driven the hue of health, wept as a child would weep, when our reporter took his hardy hand and asked him how he felt. "Oh," said he, "I'm glad to see I have friends here; do not leave me alone; I'll do very well if I only have company; talk to me; I like to hear talking; it cheers me up." Our reporter said what he could say of comfort, and the poor man squeezed his hand and thanked him, while tears trickled down his manly face. Near him lay two Germans, who bore their pain (they were not seriously injured, though suffering considerably) with a sort of stoicism. In another room lay a husband and wife—one at the point of death; and in still another apartment several ladies were stretched upon litters. Intrusion into this last apartment would have been indelicate, and was not insisted upon. The attendant physician said they were all doing well, except one lady, who, being far gone in pregnancy, was in a critical position. May we be spared the painful duty of recording another scene of this description for all time to come.

The engine is still in the canal, and two of the cars are literally smashed to pieces.

We are indebted to Major French for the following brief, but interesting account of the disaster:—

ON BOARD CARS, BETWEEN PRINCETON AND NEW BRUNSWICK, Aug. 2—1 P. M.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. HERALD:—

You will have heard of the appalling accident to the 6 o'clock train from Philadelphia this morning, about two miles south of Princeton, before you receive this.

I left Philadelphia at nine o'clock. Upon my arrival at the scene of the disaster, the appearance was almost frightful—the locomotive, tender and baggage cars were lying botton up in the canal. *The first two passenger cars were smashed to atoms, the first car having passed entirely through the second, leaving its roof inside the second.* One gentleman (Capt. Conover) lay dead in the third car, and a labouring man lay dead at the road side. The wounded, some fifteen or twenty, had been conveyed to Princeton.

The accident was said to be occasioned by the misplacing of a switch—no information could be obtained as to whether carelessly or intentionally done; but a terrible responsibility rests somewhere. Too much credit cannot be given to the *employees* of the railroad company for the energy, coolness and sympathy manifested by them, under the trying circumstances in which they were placed. From what I could learn and what I saw, all was done by them that could be. The 8 o'clock train was detained between one and two hours by the accident—the New York train out returning with the Philadelphia passengers, and the Philadelphia train doing the same with the New York passengers.

An incident was related to me, that exemplifies how constantly on the alert are the affections of a mother. At the first indication of the accident, a lady tossed her child from the window of the second or third car, and in a single instant she was prostrated. The child was picked up unhurt, while the mother was so badly injured as to render her recovery very doubtful.

Respectfully yours,
P. B. FRENCH.

From the Cleveland True Democrat.

Southern Despotism—J. M. Barrett.

We gave, July 12, an account of the seizure and imprisonment of J. M. BARRETT of Indiana, in the Spartanburg Jail, South Carolina, upon *suspicion* of his being an Abolitionist, and we proceed now to show the main ground of that suspicion.

There has been an old quarrel in the Palmetto State, between the "Low and Up Country," on the question of the State Apportionment. That question Mr. Calhoun has silenced by overshadowing it with the great issue of Slavery. Yet, with all this, the "Up Country" is dissatisfied; likes not the distribution of power; is restive under it, and would break its vassalage, if it dared.

A writer, a native of South Carolina, participating in this feeling, wrote a tract, and alleged that politicians, by affecting to be the champions of *Southern* interests, meant to perpetuate their supremacy and that of a few men in the State. He proceeded to show:

That South Carolina had no Republican Government.

That the *form* of one only existed.

That the interests and rights of the mass of her citizens were not protected.

And this writer, "Brutus" did all this without once insinuating that Slavery was wrong, or even appearing to know that it could be so considered. His address was to the whites. Of them he spoke. For them he wrote. It was in short, a political tract, which under the Constitution, any man could write, without having his motives questioned or his rights assailed.

His main position was that South Carolina was governed by a privileged class.

Nor is this very difficult to make palpable. The Constitution of the State settles that. It fixes the apportionment bill, as follows:

Districts of South Carolina arranged in the order of the relative number of whites to slaves.

Districts.	Whites.	Slaves.	Whites.	Slaves.	Free Col.	Sen.	Rep.
Georgetown,	1	7,64	2.093	15,992	188	2	4
Beaufort,	1	5,25	5,650	29,682	462	4	6
Colleton, & Charleston,	1	2,90	26.895	77,785	3,629	13	32
Sumter,	1	2,18	8.644	18,875	373	2	5
Williamsb'g,	1	2,09	3,327	6 968	32	1	1
Kershaw,	1	2,01	3,988	8,043	250	1	2
Richland,	1	2,00	5,326	10,664	407	1	4
Orangeburg,	1	1,88	6,321	11 934	264	2	3
Fairfield,	1	1,64	7,587	12 505	73	1	5
Newberry,	1	1,20	8 208	9,904	238	1	3
Edgefield,	1	1 16	15,020	17,538	294	1	6
Abbeville,	1	1,09	13,880	15,148	323	1	5
Darlington,	1	1,05	7,169	7,560	93	1	2
Barnwell,	1	0,99	10,533	10,503	435	1	4
Marlboro',	1	0,98	4,188	4,118	102	1	2
Union,	1	0,79	10.485	8,354	97	1	4
Chester,	1	0,78	9,889	7,722	136	1	3
Lancaster,	1	0,76	5,565	4.235	107	1	2
Laurens,	1	0,70	12,572	8,911	101	1	4
Lexington,	1	0,63	7,401	4 685	25	1	2
Marion,	1	0,61	8 593	5,251	88	1	3
York,	1	0,59	11,449	6,825	109	1	4
Chesterfield,	1	0,51	1 537	2,871	166	1	2
Greenville,	1	0 42	2,491	5,305	43	1	4
Horry,	1	0,37	4,154	1 574	27	1	1
Anderson & Pickens,	1	0,34	24,295	8,398	156	1	7
Spartanburg,	1	0,32	17,924	5.687	58	1	5
Total,	1	1,26	259,084	327,038	8,276	45	424

Now consider this table for a moment. Compare the *first eleven* named districts with the next eighteen, and see *how* power is distributed:

	Whites.	Senators.	Representatives.
Eleven Districts,	77,930	28	64
Eighteen Districts,	181,145	17	60

Here *one-third* of the *whites* control. And who are they? The heavy rice and cotton planters of the low country! Indeed, *six* of the districts, therein, namely, Charleston, Colleton, Georgetown, Beaufort, Orangeburg, Sumter, have a majority vote in the Senate of the State! *Forty-nine thousand nine hundred and three souls* can overbalance the whole population, and *veto* any law or policy which they may desire!

Take another view:

The thirteen last-named districts, in the table above, are in the "Up Country," and have the majority of the white population of the State. If war or insurrection come, they alone can defend it. They are its bone and sinew. Yet the two districts of Charleston and Colleton, with hardly a population of *twenty-seven thousand souls*, master and manacle them as they will. These *two* districts—the home of the rice and cotton planters—have *thirteen Senators;* the thirteen up-country districts, consisting mostly of small farmers, mechanics and non-slaveholders, and numbering *one hundred and thirty-four thousand five hundred and forty-five souls*, have only *twelve!* In figures they stand thus:

	Population.	Senators.
Two districts.	26,795	13
Thirteen districts.	134,553	12

This power, thus centralized, makes monarchs of the few. For instance. The Legislature elects nearly all public officers—Presidential Electors, Governor, Judges, Solicitors, Justices of the Peace, &c. The ambitious men of the "Up Country" know this, and are silent, or else ultra, in whatever the "Low Country" may demand. Thus the majority has no voice, and no way to express it, if they desire ever so much to do so.

But like all men born to station, or having it, these "Low Countrymen" have so worked the political machinery as to keep down the poor and the humble, and pull up only the wealthy and the strong. Thus:

To obtain a seat in the Legislature, a man must be clear of debt, have real estate worth seven hundred dollars, or five hundred acres of land and ten negroes.

To be a Senator, double this amount of real estate.

To be a Governor, *seven thousand dollars* is required, in settled real estate.

Now, for having on his person two tracts, giving this information, and appealing to the people, to the majority, to assert their just rights—mind, reader, not for distributing them, as *that* was neither alleged nor proved—J. M. Barret was seized, imprisoned and treated as a felon in South Carolina.

Judge ye, honest men, whether this is a despotism which yields, or whether it is not a despotism which must be met, and made to know that wrongs of this kind will not be tolerated, and that Slavery itself, which feeds and fosters them, must not only be limited, but ANNIHILATED.

The following appeared in the *True Democrat* of the 12th ult:

John M. Barrett, who now lies in prison near Spartanburg, S. C. charged with being an 'incendiary' and an Abolitionists, and whose case was noticed in the *Bugle* of the 14th, is a young man, 24 years of age, and a citizen of Indiana. He was never connected with the Abolitionists, but has always been a Whig, until he became a Free-Soiler. He went South under the advice of his physician, hoping to find relief from a bronchial affection. The *Democrat* says he is a most amiable and prudent young man; decided in opinion, but never offensive in speech; Anti-Slavery, but ultra in nothing. He is the Author of the Indiana Free Soil Address. He spoke to no slave; not a word, in this respect, was proved upon him. The letters and documents found in his possession contained not a line that could by any possibility be deemed incendiary.—And yet this amiable and inoffensive traveller, though an invalid, lies in a Southern prison, a victim of slaveholding suspicion and malevolence!

A Valuable Memento.—We have just seen a splendid copy of GRATTANS Speeches, bound in Morocco gilt, with an Irish harp in gold on each side of the cover. Facing the title-page is the following presentation in the hand-writing of Ireland's gifted young orator:

Presented to
WILLIAM E ROBINSON,
Editor of "The People,"
by
THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,
In token of the admiration which his zeal and genius, exhibited in the cause of Ireland, have won from his
Fellow Countrymen.

The names of the other three Patriots, condemned to death with MEAGHER, are added in their own handwriting as follows:

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN. TERENCE BELLE MCMANUS, PATRICK O'DONOHOE.

JOHN MARTIN of Loughbourne, the devoted friend of MITCHEL, and CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, also add their names; and Mr. O'DOHERTY, who was transported in the same vessel with Mr. MARTIN, gives the following in his autograph on a fly-leaf:

To proceed against, convict and condemn, under a foreign law, an Irishman in Ireland, speaking the sentiments of the Irish Nation, is *treason*, and all those concerned in the deed are *traitors* and *assassins*.—Articles of the Tribune's faith. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY.
Editor and Proprietor of the late Irish Tribune.

The volume thus contains the autographs of all the Irish Patriots recently in Prison for loving their country and trying to serve her.

The volume appears to have been Mr. Meagher's favourite manual. The green ribbon which he had used for a mark still remains where he left it, and numerous passages which the young orator seemed to have adopted as his creed are neatly underscored by him with the pen. On one of the blank pages the following extract is copied in Mr. Meagher's own peculiar autograph:

The public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease—never!—so long as the Parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country—Grattan moving the Declaration of Irish Rights.

In the same bundle Mr. Robinson also received a copy of Mr. Meagher's speech before receiving sentence of death, subscribed in his own hand-writing, dated Richmond Prison. John Martin dates from "Richmond Convict Depot."

The volume, it will be seen, is a very valuable one. We need not add that the possessor prizes it highly.—The "82 cap" worn by Mr. Meagher is now also in the possession of Mr. Robinson.—*Tribune.*

National Politics.—MISSISSIPPI WHIGS AND GENERAL TAYLOR AND SLAVERY.—The following, among other resolutions, were adopted by the Whig State Convention of Mississippi, on the 16th ult.

Resolved, That the Whigs and friends of General Taylor in Mississippi, have a firm and abiding confidence in his honesty, intelligence and patriotism, and that they hail his election as a proud monument to the wisdom and republicanism of the people, whom he will serve with a singleness of heart and puriiy of purpose, unsurpassed since the administration of the immortal Washington.

Resolved, That we give the most hearty approval to his administrative policy, so ably evinced in his noble stand in vindication of our neutral rights—a policy which re-establishes the doctrine and practice of the father of his country, and gives assurance to the world that he will maintain, at all hazards, peace and concord at home, friendship and neutrality abroad.

Resolved, That the Government of the United States have no power to pass or permit the existence of any law to deprive any citizen of the United States of his private rights, of life, liberty, or property within the territories; nor can any citizen be deprived of his life, liberty, or property, without due process of law within the territories, by any law of the United States, or by any law of the territory, any more than within the States.

Resolved, That although the legislative power of the general government does extend to the territories, for the purpose of protecting and securing to all citizens alike their private rights of property, acquired under the laws of their respective States, and removed by them to their lands, purchased from the United States, within the territories, we deny that the legislative power extends to the territories for the purpose of destroying or depriving the citizens of any State, be it slaveholding or non-slaveholding, of such private rights of property.

Resolved, That the question of the power of Congress to make laws to destroy the property of slaveholders in slaves, when removed into the territories, is a question above party, and in which all parties at the South ought to be united.

Resolved, That we therefore highly approve of the call of a central convention, without distinction of party, upon this subject, in October next, at Jackson, and recommend the several counties of this State to send delegates to said convention, that the voice of Mississippi may fully be heard on the subject.

A New Issue.—An Abolitionist incendiary, named John M. Barrett, a native of Ohio, has been lately arrested in Spartanburg, for circulating incendiary publications in this State. From letters taken in his possession, it is proved that the pamphlet, circulated so extensively, signed "Brutus," was prepared and printed at Cincinnati, Ohio. It was known that Barrett was authorized to take from the post-office in Spartanburg a letter addressed to John Edward Thomson. Having good reason to suppose that this letter contained important matter to prove Barrett's guilt, on a proper affidavit being made, a Magistrate issued a warrant against G. W. H. Legg, the Postmaster at Spartanburg, to compel him to give the usual security to appear before the next Court of Sessions, with the said letter, as a witness against Barrett, Legg refused to be bound as a witness against Barrett, whereupon he was committed to jail. His defence is, that, according to the laws of the United States, he cannot deliver this letter to any one not duly authorized to receive it; and, secondly, that by these laws he is bound to send this letter to Washington, if not taken out of the office by one duly authorized to receive it, before the next Court of Sessions will meet in Spartanburg. Upon second thoughts, however, after some hesitancy, he has entered into the required bonds, and has been liberated. The issue raised is this: Have the criminal authorities of the State the right to compel the attendance of the agents of the Post-Office Department in this State, to bear testimony as to any crimes perpetrated through the post office against the State, and to bring and lay before the Courts any letters in their possession proving such crimes. The laws of Congress make no provision for the case which has arisen, because it never entered into the minds of former administrations that the action of the General Government could become perilous to the safety of a State; that instead of being a protector and supporter of order and law, it should, in any of its branches, be used as an instrument of incendiaries, to carry out their schemes of insurrection and bloodshed. Now, we know not what Post-master General Collamer may do in the premises. Mr Kendall, one of his predecessors in the office, issued a circular to the Postmasters in the Southern States, directing them not to circulate incendiary publications through the post-offices in those States. We should suppose that if a Postmaster can suppress a letter or document, he might, for the same reasons which justify its suppression, carry it into a Court, in furtherance of the criminal laws of a State. But whether the Postmaster-General shall pursue this course or not, we have no idea that this State will flinch from protecting itself against the flagitious conduct of the post-office or its agents, within its limits. If her laws are not clear or strong enough for her protection, they will be made so. If the Federal Government thinks proper to attempt to shield its offices with privileges and immunities incompatible with the peace of the State, let it do so. One of two things will occur: they will have either to leave the service of the General Government, or suffer the penalties of our State laws, though life itself should be the forfeit.—*Charleston Mercury.*

At St. Stephen's, (N. B.) on the 21st of July, Mrs. ELIZABETH DODD, aged one hundred and eleven years. In the death of this aged person, there is a volume of history lost. Living in great retirement the relict of a forgotten age, few knew the stories she could tell of the brave old days. Born on board of a British ship of the line in the Bay of Biscay—cradled on the broad Atlantic—her father killed fighting the battle of "George I., she was cast an orphan on the shores of New York," thence carried to St. Augustine, her youth was passed in the South; here she married, and settled on the banks of the Alabama. On the outbreak of the war between France, Spain, and England, she, with other British settlers were made prisoners and taken to New Orleans. After two years, she was transferred to the Spaniards and taken into the castle of Vera Cruz, where she remained until its capture by the British in 1761. She was then relieved and taken to New York. During the first American war, she followed her husband through the principal campaigns; was at many of the hardest fought battles; at Monmouth, White Plains, Yorktown, &c. At the close of the American war, she came with the loyalists, to this province. in 1784.—*St. Andrews, (N. B.) Standard.*

☞The late Miss Abby Hutchinson, now Mrs. Ludlow Patton, lies very ill at the Home Mansion in Milford, N. H though there are great hopes of her recovery.

Ten Thousand Sermons.—Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, the Temperance champion, incidentally mentions that from April, 1827, to April, 1849, twenty-two years, he delivered *ten thousand* sermons and addresses! There are, probably, very few preachers in the world who in the same length of time have been so frequently before the public.

☞The *Cleveland True Democrat*, speaking of Judge Tappan, President of the Ordinance Celebration on the 13th inst. states that on arriving at the mouth of the Cuyahoga, fifty years ago, in the month of May, he found there *one log hut*—a sort of Indian hostelry, kept by Lorenzo Carter.

State Reform School.—The State Reform School at Westboro' now has two hundred and five inmates. Boys are sent there from all parts of the State as stubborn children. Of the last thirty received, twenty-five were sentenced on this charge. At this rate the Institution will soon be crowded.—*Boston Traveller.*

Married.

In Mount Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio, July 26, SHATTUCK HARTWELL, of Cambridge, Mass. to Miss CATHARINE S. daughter of Dr R. D. Mussey.

Died.

On Sixth day Aug. 3, at noon, WAGER HULL, in the 71st year of his age.

On Wednesday, August 1, at 2 1-2 o'clock A. M. PHEBE ELIZABETH, youngest daughter of Dr. Luke and Rachel Hassert, aged 2 years and 6 months; and on same day, at 11 1-2 A. M. RACHEL, wife of Dr. Luke Hassert, aged 30—both of cholera.

Suddenly, on the 2d instant, ABRAHAM RICHARDS, in the 77th year of his age.

At Georgetown, D. C. on the 28th ult. WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER, son of the Hon. Wm. Duer, of New York, aged eight years.

At Guyandotte, Va. on the 17th ultimo, in the 61st year of her age, Mrs. HARRIET CAMPBELL, widow of the late Hon. G. W. Campbell of Nashville, Tennessee,

Poetry.

The First Regret.

Translated for The Standard from the French of Lamartine, by MRS. MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

WHERE the blue waters of thy sounding seas,
Sorrento, flow beneath the orange trees,
A little, narrow, unpretending stone
Hard by their perfumed hedge-row standing lone,
Just at his wandering feet, the stranger sees.

There hides the gilly-flower beneath his stalks,
A single name that echo will not heed:
But there the passing stranger as he walks,
Scattering the grass the name and date to read,
Says, as the sudden tears spring to his eye,
"She lived but sixteen years! how soon to die!

Oh mournful memories! wherefore keep
The anguish of departed years!
Let moaning wind and murmuring deep
Keep watch above you while you sleep!—
Oh, bring me dreams—not tears!

Such years of youth ne'er floated by
On lovelier brow their light to pour.
Ne'er glistened from more loving eye
The splendours of that shining shore.
Deep in a heart where nothing dies,
My thoughts behold her—living yet—
As memory left her; and her eyes
As in that hour on mine are set
When, floating on the evening seas,
Her dark locks waving with the breeze
And the light shadow of the sail
Wandering, as then, her cheek along,
She breathes the odours of the gale,
And lists the nightly fisher's song;
And bids me mark where, high in heaven,
The full glad moon smiles radiant there—
Her silver to the sea-foam given,
As night-flowers gladden morning's air,—
And ask's me,—"Why seems all so fair?"
"These azure fields of starry fire,
"These sands of gold where sinks the wave,
"These hills, that to the clouds aspire,
"These gulfs, the silent woods that lave,
"The gleaming coast, the vocal seas,--
"Ne'r till to-night so fair were these.
"Oh, why, till now, did dream so bright
"Ne'er thrill me with so vague delight?
"Son of the morning! tell me, thou!—
"Rises a day-star in my heart?
"Did night look beautiful as now
"In thy far land, from me apart?
Then, turning to her mother, see—
She slumbers childlike, at her knee.

But wherefore yield me to past scenes like these?
Let the wind sigh—the wane its murmurs keep!
Depart, depart, oh sad remembrances!
For I would dream—not weep.

Her lips how frank! her eyes how clear!
Those eyes, that flooded mine with light!
Lake Nemi sleeps transparent near
With blue unrippled wave less bright.
In that pure soul each thought I hailed,
Ere to herself its meaning came.
Her eyes their fair lids never veiled,
So free her look from shade of blame.
No trace upon her brow appears,
Where all is gay—and that young smile,
That sadly died in after years,
Round her half-opened lips the while
Constantly flits, with changeful ray;
Cloudless and shadowless its play,
Like rainbow on a sunny day;
The balance of her careless feet
Undulates, like the waters bright
For their mere motion's sake where meet
The ocean and the sky in light.
And evermore her silvery voice--
Pure echo of that purer soul--
Of music one harmonious whole—
Made even the encircling air rejoice.

Return, sad thoughts nor seek the past!
Let the *sea* moan, and bid the *blast*
Its low perpetual murmur bear!
I came to dream and not to weep.

My image first her spirit lighted,
As morning thrills the awakening eye;
And from the hour her love was plighted,
All else but love flowed idly by.
My life was mingled with her own;
Her own reflected in my heart;
And the bright world was bright alone
Because my spirit formed a part
Of earthly joy and hopes of heaven.
To time, to space, no thought was given;
But all her happy being's power
Concentered in each passing hour
Of those swift days of life divine
Whose hopes, whose memories all were mine.
Her tranquil soul the while relies
On gentle nature, free from fears:
And her pure orisons arise
Unmingled with the stain of tears
From the beloved altar where
The incense of her flowers was shed:
I, like an infant humbly there
Following where her footsteps led—
Her sweet voice whispering, "pray with me!
"Even heaven I knew not without thee!"
But wherefore turn me to the past?
Oh, murmuring sea and sighing wind!
To you my mournful thoughts I cast:—
My happy dreams I fain would find.

See, flowing from its living source
Yon poisoned stream a mirror forms
Sheltered alike from winds and storms,
And burning rays that dry its course.
There the white swan floats stilly by;—
Adorns, not breaks the mirror bright
That round her breast reflects the sky,
Cradling her mid the stars of night.
But if, a newer flight to take,
Her humid wings the waters break,
All dark becomes the enchanted lake;—
The bright heaven fading from its wave,
As if the fatal vulture gave
His shadow to the flood beneath,
To the fair swan betokening death.

So all things in her soul became:
When I departed all was ended.
Her ray expired: its dying flame
Ne'er to return, to heaven ascended
Her heart expects no second spring,—
Languishes not mid hopes and fears,
But yields itself to suffering,
Accepting sorrow's bitter cup
Sinking beneath those earliest tears
That drown the heart 'ere yet the years
In the dark grave are gathered up.
And as some beauteous bird would fold
His head to rest by slumber won,
She, wrapped in mute despair, sits cold,
And sleeps—but long ere day is done.

Oh mournful memory, wherefore bring
The anguish of these earlier years!
Leave to the sea its murmuring,
And bring me dreams—not tears.

Deep in her lowly couch of clay
For fifteen years my love has slept,
And swift oblivion shrouds the way
Where I alone have prayed and wept,
And told those vanished moments o'er,
With outcry at my heart for them that live no more!
And mourning from my darkened heaven
To see those fading stars depart:
She was the first—and still is given
Its holy twilight to my heart.

But wherefore yield to memory!
Let moaning wind and murmuring sea
Keep vigil while my sad thoughts sleep!
I came to dream and not to weep.

A thorn tree with its verdure pale
To mark her grave is nature's boon,
Swept ever by the ocean-gale
And withered by the burning noon.
The browsing goat has trampled o'er
Where trail its dusty boughs apart—
Rooted mid rocks it shades no more,
Like thought of mourning in the heart.
Each spring, a single flowret there
Floating, like snow-flake o'er the dead,
Its leaves to the besieging air
Yields, ere its odour has been shed:
Like that pale bloom may life depart
Before its sweetness charms the heart.
The bird of love and grief, unheeded
Mid the bare boughs, mourns o'er her tomb.
Oh, flower, by life so quickly faded!
Is there no land for thee of deathless bloom?

Miscellany.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL AFTERWARDS MISTRESS [JOHN] MILTON.

[JOURNAL CONTINUED.]

August 21—*Saturday*—Oh heaven! Can it be possible! am I agayn at Forest Hill? How strange, how joyfulle an event, tho' brought about with teares!—Can it be, that it is onlie a month since I stoode at this toilette as a bride? and lay awake on that bed thinking of London? How long a month! and oh! this present one will be alle too short.

It seemeth that Ralph Hewlett, shocked at my teares and ye alteration in my looks, broughte back a dismall report of me to deare father and mother, pronouncing me either ill or unhappie. Thereupon, Richard, with his usual impetuositie, prevayled on father to let him and Ralph fetch me home for a while, at leaste till after Michaelmasse.

How surprised was I to see Dick enter! My arms were soe fast about his neck, and my face prest soe close to his shoulder, that I did not for a while perceive ye grave looke he had put one. At ye last, I was advised to ask what had broughte him so unexpectedlie to London; and then he hemmed and looked at Ralph, and Ralph looked at Dick, and then Dick sayd bluntly, he hoped Mr. Milton would spare me to go home till after Michaelmasse, and father had sent him on purpose to say soe. Mr. Milton lookt surprised and hurte, and sayd, how coulde he be expected to part soe soone with me, a month's bride! it must be some other time; he intended to take me himselfe to Forest Hill the following spring, but coulde not spare time now, nor liked me to go without him, nor thoughte I shoulde like it myselfe. But my eyes said I *shoulde*, and then he gazed earnestlie at me and lookt hurt; and there was a dead silence. That Dick, after hesitating a little, sayd he was sorrie to tell us my father was ill; on which I clasped my hands and beganne to weepe; and Mr. Milton, changing countenance, askt sundrie questions, which Dick answered well enough; and then said he woulde not be soe cruel as to keepe me from a father I soe dearlie loved, if he were sick, though he liked not my travelling in such unsettled times with soe young a convoy. Ralph sayd he had brought Diggory with them, who was olde and steddy enough, and had ridden my mother's mare for my use; and Dick was for our getting forward a stage on our journey ye same evening, but Mr. Milton insisted on our abiding till ye following morn, and would not be overruled. And gave me leave to stay a month, and gave me money, and many kind words, which I coulde marke little, being soe overtaken with concern about deare father, whose illness I fearrd to be worse than Dick said, seeing he seemed soe close and dealt in dark speeches and parables. After dinner, they went forth, they sayd, to look after ye horses, but I think to see London, and returned not till supper.

We got them beds in a house hard by, and started at early dawn.

Mr. Milton kissed me most tenderlie agayn and agayn at parting, as though he feared to lose me; but it seemed to me soe hard to brook ye delay of even a few hours when father, in his sickness, was wanting me, that I took leave of my husband with less affection than I mighte have shown, and onlie begin to find my spirits lighten when we were fairly quit of London with its vile sewers and drains, and to breathe the sweete, pure morning ayre, as we rode swiftlie along. Dick called London a vile place, and spake to Ralph concerning what they had seene of it over nighte, whence it appeared to me, that he had beene pleasure-seeking more than, in father's state, he ought to have beene. But Dick was always a reckless lad;—and oh, what joy, on reaching this deare place, to find father had onlie been suffering under one of his usual stomach attacks, which have no danger in them, and which Dick had exaggerated, fearing Mr. Milton would not otherwise part with me: I was a little shocked, and coulde not help scolding him, though I was ye gainer; but he boldlie defended what he called his "stratagem of war," saying it was quite allowable in dealing with a Puritan.

As for Robin, he was wild with joy when I arrived; and hath never ceased to hang about me. The other children are riotous in their mirth. Little Joscelyn hath returned from his foster mother's farm, and is noe longer a puny child—'t is thought he will thrive. I have him constantly in my arms or riding on my shoulder; and with delight have revisited alle my olde haunts, patted Clover, &c. Deare mother is most kind. The maids as oft call me Mrs. Molly as Mrs. Milton, and then smile and beg pardon. Rose and Agnew have been here, and have made me promise to visit Sheepscote before I return to London. The whole house seemes full of glee.

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Monday.—It seems quite strange to heare Dick and Harry singing loyal songs and drinking ye king's health after soe recentlie hearing his M. so continuallie spoken agaynst. Also, to see a lad of Robin's age, coming in and out at his will, doing aniething or nothing, instead of being ever at his taskes, and looking at meal time as if he were repeating them to himselfe. I know which I like best.

A most kind letter from Mr. Milton, hoping father is better, and praying for news of him. How can I write to him without betraying Dick? Robin and I rode, this morning, to Sheepscote. Thoughte Mr. Agnew received me with unwonted gravitie. He tolde me he had received a letter from my husband, praying news of my father, seeing I had sent him none, and that he had writ to him that father was quite well, never had been better. Then he sayd to me he feared Mr. Milton was labouring under some false impression. I tolde him trulie, that Dick, to get me home, had exaggerated a trifling illness of father's but that I was guiltless of it. He sayd Dick was inexcusable, and that noe good end coulde justifie a man of honour in overcharging ye truth; and that, since I was innocent, I shoulde write to my husband to cleare myself. I said briefly, I woulde; and I mean to do soe, onlie not to-day. Oh, sweet countrie life! I was made for you, and none other. This riding and walking at one's owne free will in ye fresh, pure ayre, coming in to earlie, heartie, wholesome meals, seasoned with harmless jests—seeing fresh faces everie day come to ye house, knowing everie face one meets out of doores—supping in the garden, and remaining in the ayre longe after the moon has risen; talking, laughing, and perhaps dancing—if this be not joyfullnesse, what is?

For certain, I woulde that Mr. Milton were here, but he would call our sports mistimed, and throw a damp upon our mirth by not joining in it. Soe I will enjoy my holiday while it lasts, for it may be long ere I get another—especiallie if his and father's opinions get wider asunder, as I think they are doing alreadie. My promised spring holiday may come to nothing.

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Tuesday.—My husband hath writ to me strangelie, chiding me most unkindlie for what was noe fault of mine, to wit, Dick's falsitie; and wondering I can derive anie pleasure from a holiday so obtayned, which he will not curtayl, but will on noe pretence extend. Nay! but me thinks Mr. Milton presumeth somewhat too much on his marital authoritie, writing in this strayn. I am noe mere child neither, nor a runaway wife, nor in such bad companie, in mine own father's house, where he first saw me; and, was it anie fault of mine, indeed, that father was not ill? or can I wish he had been? No, truly!

This letter hath sorelie vexed me. Dear father, seeing me so dulle, askt me if I had had bad news. I sayd I had, for that Mr. Milton wanted me back at ye months end. He sayed, lightlie, Oh, that must not be, I must at all events stay over his birthdaye, he could not spare me sooner; he would settle all that. Let it be soe then—I am content enoughe.

To change ye current of my thoughts, he hath renewed ye scheme for our visit to Lady Falkland, which, weather permitting, is to take place to-morrow. 'T is long since I have seen her, soe I am willing to go; but she is dearer to Rose than to me, though I respect her much.

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Wednesday. The whole of yesterday occupyde with our visit. I love Lady Falkland well, yet her mellancholie and presages of evil have left a weight upon my spiritts. To daye we have a family dinner. The Agnews come not, but the Mereditha doe; we shall have more mirth if less wit. My time now drawes soe short, I must crowd into it alle ye pleasures I can; and in this, everie one conspires to help me, saying, "Poor Moll must soon return to London." Never was creature so petted or spoylt. How was it there was none of this before I was married, when they might have me alwayes? ah, therein lies the secret. Now, we have mutuallie tasted our losse.

Ralph Hewlett, going agayn to town, was advised to ask whether I had anie commission wherewith to charge him. I bade him tell Mr. Milton that since we should meet soe soone, I need not write, but woulde keep alle my news for our fire-side. Robbin added, "Say, we cannot spare her yet," and father echoed the same.

But I begin to feel now, that I must not prolong my stay. At leaste not beyond father's birthday. My month is hasting to a close.

Sept. 21.—Battle at Newbury—Lord Falkland slayn. Oh, fatal loss! Father and mother going off to my lady; but I think she will not see them.—Aunt and uncle Hewlett, who brought ye news, can talk of nothing else.

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22.—Alle sadness and consternation. I am weary of bad news, public and private, and feel less and less love for ye Puritans, yet am forced to seem more loyal than I really am, soe high runs party feeling just now at home.

My month has passed!

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Sept. 28. A most displeased letter from my husband, minding me that my leave of absence hath expired, and that he likes not the messages he received through Ralph, nor ye unreasonable and hurtfulle pastimes which he finds have been making my quiet home distastefulle. Asking, are they suitable, under circumstances of nationall consternation to *my own* party, or seemlie in so young a wife, apart from her husband? To conclude, insisting, with more authoritie than kindness, on my immediate return.

With tears in my eyes, I have been to my father. I have told him I must goe. He sayth, Oh no, not yet. I persisted, I must, my husband was soe very angry. He rejoined, What, angry with my sweet Moll? and for spending a few days with her old father? Can it be? hath it come to this alreadie? I sayd, my month had expired. He sayd, Nonesense, he had always askt me to staye over Michaelmasse, till his birthday? he knew Dick had named it to Mr. Milton. I sayd, Mr. Milton had taken no notice thereof, but had onlie granted me a month. He grew peevish and said "Pooh, pooh!" Thereat, after a silence of a minute or two, I sayd yet agayn, I must goe. He took me by ye two wrists and sayed, Doe you wish to go? I burst into tears, but made noe answer. He sayd, That is answer enough—how does this Puritan carry it with you, my child? and snatched his letter. I sayd, Oh, don't read that, and would have drawn it back; but father, when heated, is impossible to controul; therefore, quite deaf to entreaty, he would read ye letter, which was unfit for him in his chafed mood; then, holding it at arm's length, and smiting it with his fist—Ha; and is it thus he dares address a daughter of mine? (with words added, I dare not write)—but be quiet, Moll, be at peace, my child, for he shall not have you back for a while, even though he comes to fetch you himself. The maddest thing I ever did was to give you to this roundhead. He and Roger Agnew talked me over in so many fine words. What possessed me, I know not. Your mother always said evil would come of it. But as long as thy father has a roof over his head, child, thou hast a home.

As soone as he woulde hear me, I begged him not to take on soe, for that I was not an unhappy wife; but my tears, he sayd, belied me; and indeed, with fear and agitation, they flowed fast enough. But I sayd, I *must* goe home, and wished I had gone sooner, and woulde he let Diggory take me! No, he sayd, not a man Jack on his land shoulde saddle a horse for me, nor would he lend me one, to carry me back to Mr. Milton; at leaste not for a while, till he had come to reason, and protested he was sorry for having writ so harshly.

"Soe be content, Moll, and make not two enemies instead of one. Goe, help thy mother with her clear starching. Be happy whilst thou art here."

But ah! more easily said than done. Alle joy is darkened; the mirthe of the land is gone."

—

Michaelmasse Day.—At Squire Paice's grand dinner we have been counting on soe many days; but it gave me not ye pleasure expected.

Oct. 13.—The weather is soe foul that I am sure Mr. Milton would not like me to be on ye road, even would my father let me goe.

—While writing ye above, heard very angrie voices in ye court-yard, my father's especialle, louder than common; and distinguished the words "knave," and "varlet," and "begone." Lookt from my window and beheld a man, booted and cloaked, with two horses, at ye gate, parleying with my father, who stood in an offensive attitude, and would not let him in. I could catch such fragments as, "But, sir!" "What! in such weather as this?" "Nay, it had not overcast when I started." "'Tis foul enough now, then." "Let me but have speech of my mistress." "You cross not my threshold." "Nay, sir, if but to give her this letter:"—and turning his head, I was advised of its being Hubert, old Mr. Milton's man; doubtless sent by my husband to fetch me. Seeing my father raise his hand in angrie action, (his riding whip being in it,) I hasted down as fast as I coulde, to prevent mischiefe, as well as to get my letter, but, unhappilie, not so fleetlie as to see more than Hubert's flying skirts as he gallopped from ye gate, with the led horse by the bridle; while my father, flinging down ye torn letter, walked passionatelie away. I clasped my hands, and stood mazed for a while—was then advised to piece ye letter, but could not; onlie making out such words as "Sweet Moll," in my husband's writing.

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Oct. 14.—Rose came this morning, through rain and mire, at some risk as well as much inconvenience, to entreat of me, even with teares, not to vex Mr. Milton by anie further delays, but to return to him as soon as possible. Kind soule, her affection toucht me, and I answered her more readilie I intended to return home as soone as I coulde, which was not yet, my father having taken ye matter into his own hands, and permitting me noe escort; but that I questioned not, Mr. Milton was onlie awaiting the weather to settle, to fetch me himself. That he will doe so, is my firm persuasion. Meanwhile, I make it my duty to joyn with some attempt at cheerfullnesse in ye amusements of others, to make my father's confinement to ye house less irksome; and have in some measure succeeded.

Oct. 23.—Noe sighte or tidings of Mr. Milton. I am uneasie, frighted at myself, and wished I had never left him, yet hurte at ye neglect. Hubert, being a crabbed temper, made mischief on his return, I fancy. Father is vexed, methink, at his owne passion, and hath never directlie, spoken, in my hearinge, of what passed; but rayleth continuallie agaynst rebel and roundheads. As to mother—ah me!

Oct. 24.—Thro' dark and miry lanes and bye-roads with Robin, to Sheepscote.

Waiting for Rose in Mr. Agnew's small study, where she mostlie sitteth with him, oft acting as his amanuensis, was advised to take up a printed sheet of paper that lay on ye table; but finding it to be of Latin versing, was about to laye it down agayn, when Rose came in. She changed colour, and in a faltering voice sayd, "Ah, cousin, do you know what that is? One of your husband's proofe sheets. I woulde that it coulde interest you in like manner as it hath me." Made her noe answer, laying it aside unconcernedlie, but secretly felt, as I have often done before, how stupid it is not to know Latin, and resolved to get Robin to teach me. He is noe grate scholar himself, soe will not shame me. I am wearie of hearing of war and politicks; soe will try studdy for a while, and see if t will cure this dull payn at my heart.

Oct. 28.—Robin and I have shut ourselves up for three hours dailie, in ye small back-room, and have made fayre progresse. He liketh his office of tutor mightilie.

31.—My lessons are more crabbed, or I am more dull and inattentive, fore I cannot fixe my minde on my book, and am secretlie wearie. Robin wearies too. But I will not give up as yet; the more soe as in this quiet studdy I am out of sighte and hearing of sundrie young officers, Dick is continuallie bringing over from Oxford, who spend manie hours with him in countrie sports, and then come in ye house, hungry, thirstie, noisie, and idle. I know Mr. Milton woulde not like them.

—Surelie he will come soone? I sayd to father last night, I wanted to hear from home. He sayd, "Home! Dost call yon taylor's shop your home? soe ironicalle that I was ashamed to say more.

Woulde that I had never married!—then coulde I enjoy my childhood's home. Yet I knew not its value before I quitted it, and had even a stupid pleasure in anticipating another. Ah me, had I loved Mr. Milton more, perhaps I might better have endured ye taylor's shop.

CLEVER WOMEN.

From the Letters of Brown the Elder in Punch.

* * * There are many more clever women in the world than men thiak for—our habit is to despise them; we believe they do not think because they do not contradict us; and are weak because they do not struggle and rise up against us. A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of their cleverness rises every day.

When I say I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman perfect in all her duties, constant in house-bills and shirt-buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things; silent, when you and he talk politics, or literature, or balderdash together, and if referred to, saying, with a smile of perfect humility, "O, women are not judges upon such and such matters; we leave learning and politics to men." "Yes, poor POLLY," says JONES, patting the back of MRS. J.'s head good-naturedly, "attend to the house, my dear; that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us." Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends'; she knows your weaknesses and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband: every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good-humour, for all which we value her,—what are they but admirable duplicity? We expect falseness from her and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid I 'll own that he prevail; say that he frown, I 'll answer with a smile;—what are these but lies, that we exact from our slaves? lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues; brutal Turks that we are! I do not say that MRS. BROWN ever obeyed me—on the contrary: but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk like my neighbour.

I will instance your mother now. When my brother comes in after a bad day's sport, or after looking over the bills of some of you boys, he naturally begins to be surly with your poor dear mother, and to growl at the mutton. What does she do? She may be hurt, but she doesn't show it. She proceeds to coax, to smile, to turn the conversation, to stroke down BRUIN, and to get him in a good-humour.—She sets him on his old stories, and she and all the girls—poor dear little SAPPHIRAS!—set off laughing; there is that story about the Goose walking into the Church, which you father tells, and your mother and sisters laugh at, until I protest I am so ashamed that I hardly know where I look. On he goes with that story time after time: and your poor mother sits there and knows that I know she is a humbug, and laughs on; and teaches all the girls to laugh too. Had that dear creature been born to wear a nose-ring and bangles instead of a muff and and bonnet, and a brown skin instead of that fair one with which Nature has endowed her, she would have done Suttee, after your brown Brahmin father had died, and thought women very irreligious too, who refused to roast themselves for their masters and lords. I don't mean to say that the late MRS. BROWN would have gone through the process of incremation for me—far from it: by a timely removal she was spared from the grief which her widowhood would have doubtless caused her, and I acquiesce in the decrees of Fate in this instance, and have not the least desire to have preceded her.

I hope the ladies will not take my remarks in ill part. If I die for it, I must own I don't think they have fair play. In the bargain we make with them I don't think they get their rights. And as a labourer notoriously does more by the piece than he does by the day, and a free man works harder than a slave, so I doubt whether we get the most out of women by enslaving them as we do by law and custom. There are some folks who would limit the range of women's duties to little more than a kitchen range—others who like them to administer to our delectation in a ball-room, and permit them to display dimpled shoulders and flowing ringlets—just as you have one horse for a mill and another for the Park. But in whatever way we like them, it is for our use somehow that we have women brought up; to work for us or to shine for us, or to dance for us or what not. It would not have been thought shame of our fathers fifty years ago, that they could not make a custard or a pie, but our mothers would have been rebuked had they been ignorant on these matters. Why should not you and I be ashamed now because we cannot make our own shoes, or cut out our own breeches? We know better: we get the cobblers and tailors to do that—and it was we who made the laws for women, who we are in the habit of saying are not so clever as we are.

My dear Nephew, as I grow old and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women; but which are the cleverer, I doubt.

BROWN THE ELDER.

MAY MEETINGS.

A late number of the *Spirit of the Age* contains an address of Mr. J. G. Wilkinson, before the London Swedenborg Association, from which we copy the opening paragraphs:

The circumstance that this Association, like so many of its elders, appoints an anniversary in this especial month, leads me to ask whether *May Meetings* are not a part of the laws of nature; and I think the question once put, must be answered in the affirmative. There are natural seasons, and there are spiritual seasons. By a happy system of complement these do not coincide, but tend to the reverse effect. Thus the beginning of Winter, is our social spring; Christmas and December, with their blaze of friendships and family joys are our social midsummer; and outward merry May is the social autumn, when warm affections begin to fade and die down, and town scatters itself into the country. By June our hearts are positively chilly, and in sweltering July we are so cold that happily it is difficult to collect half a dozen people together in a room for any mutual purpose; and lectures and concerts are impossible. Man and nature are, in fact, Antipodes. This is a very beautiful ordinance; that here also we should behold this law of contrasted degrees; this house of many mansions; that one floor of seasons should be piled upon another; that the greatest heat of the world should relieve the coolest dews of the soul: that frost and barrenness should be as the glittering wall that sends us back in colour the heart's most cheerful fires. Here we discern the equilibrium of nature, and observe when it is translated into human thought, that it is no other than temperance, or that happy mixture of thing with thing, and of time with time, by which all existences serve universal objects, and have only to unlock their bosoms well enough, and deeply enough, to bring forth any treasures, however particular.

Now, as May is the inward autumn, it is of course the month of Social Harvest, of which May meetings may be reckoned as the end. Now abounds, where the cultivators are rich, the good cheer of capital speeches; intellectual dances all the better, if not too polished; fraternizing of farmer and labourer, of prelates and poor converts, and the unctious shine of a very large complacency. The good that has been done, the success that has grown up, in the last campaign; hearts that have been kindled, the proselytes that have been led and won, are safely stacked and thatched, and most of them in sight of the Merry May meeting. They will serve to support man and horse, heart and understanding, during the terribly dreary months of June, July, and August, when Missions, Atheneums, Philosophical Institutions, and great Exeter Hall itself are no better than a recollection.

This was the train of thought into which I fell, when I heard that the body I have the honour of addressing, was to have a May meeting; and what convinced me that May meetings were a law of nature, and produced of itself the theory I have set forth, was the fact that we were about to hold such a meeting without any external provocations. For ours unfortunately is a harvest home without a harvest; the produce of the year omitted from the drama of the seasons. Able-bodied persons we have; also the sickles are here, the drays are here; the whole world of nature and spirit is for our farm, and any the prettiest nook of it for our homestead: and gloriously good and true seed a hundred years old; but not to my knowledge has the seed been sown or tended, or reaped, by this Association during the past spiritual year. It is clear, therefore, that May meetings must be a primordial necessity, or we should not have one now. I do not deny that people have been fed with our fine grain: I, myself, have been eating it morning, noon, and night; and so have you; but the point is, it has not been made reproductive: there is less and not more of it to-day, than there was in Swedenborg's mind, one century ago. If we go on at this rate, we shall soon have none left; and therefore I say, that we have no right to eat it without we grow it. The truth, the good seed, requires to pass out of books into Mankind, and from thence into life and understanding, which is the soil where God meets it, and increases it ten-fold, twenty-fold, or an hundred-fold.

CALVIN AND SERVETUS.

The (London) *Times*, in a notice of the "Life and Times of John Calvin, the great Reformer," by Dr. Henry, recently published in England, comments in these strong terms upon the motives of Calvin in pursuing to the death his great rival Servetus.

Dr. Henry gives an elaborate analysis of the opinions of Servetus. It seems to be admitted that he held the divinity of Jesus Christ. His great book is now among the rarest in the world. Only two copies are known, of which one is in the Royal Library of Paris, the other in that of Vienna. But the creed of Servetus is beside the question. He was not burnt as a heretic, but a polemic; not for disbelieving a doctrine, but for insulting an opponent. What had Calvin to do with Servetus? He was not a subject of the predestinarian republic; he was not a naturalized resident; he had not published the objectionable work within the circle of its jurisdiction. Calvin had the same right to imprison Servetus as the Bishop of London to put Louis Blanc in the pillory. The Spaniard's heresy was only the Frenchman's pretext. Seven years before Servetus came to Geneva, Calvin wrote to Farel:—'If he come, and my authority be considered, I will never permit him to leave alive.' The genuineness of this letter has been impugned, but without success. M. Audin read it in Calvin's own handwriting among the MSS. of the Royal Library in Paris. Calvin kept his promise. He boasted that by his advice, and direction. Servetus was committed to a dungeon. Nor did he omit any occasion of inflaming the public feeling against his victim. The pulpit was turned into an engine of attack. Even the commonest kindness to nature's infirmities were sternly refused.

We doubt whether any ecclesiastical annals present a darker scene than the closing hours of Servetus. The morning of October the 27th, 1553, broke over Geneva with the calm sweetness of autumn in that country; the snow lay upon the mountains, but the richest lights and shades played in the deep vallies. In this beauty and repose of nature a man was seen tottering from the prison-gate to the council-chamber. He was in the summer of his days, but wasted to a skeleton, and his hair had become white in his chains. Visitors to Geneva will remember a shady path leading through the Porte Neuve to a hilly tract of ground about two miles from the city, and still known by the name of Champel or Champey. A charming view is caught from the summit, of vineyards, trees, and the winding Arve, 'pouring at last its snow-gray waters into the clear bright stream of the Rhone.' Upon that terrible day the spot had a strange and ominous aspect. The eye fell on piles of oak wood, still in leaf, and a stake with a block and iron chains. The hour was come, and the man. A damp, smoky blaze, drifted heavily upwards; a wild agonizing shriek pierced the ears of the bystanders; the sun shone brightly overhead; the clock in St. Peter's tower struck 12—and the soul of Servetus went to its own place.

And where was he by whom this bloody Play of the Passions had been conducted with all the skill of tragedy, through deepening paroxysms of horror, to its catastrophe of ghastliness and death? Where was he who proclaimed himself a chosen minister, elect and precious, of the Prince of Peace? Let us inquire of Dr. Henry:—'In the evening of this hot day, and when Calvin was sitting retired in his study, Farrel, who had soon to set out on his journey home, most probably came to him to rest awhile, and to describe what had taken place. To realise the image of this hour I imagine to myself the evening sun covering the distant glaciers, while Calvin is seated at work, by the light of a lamp, at his library table' The picture by the panegyrist of Calvin is almost as painful as that which is drawn by his opponent, M. Audin,—'Servetus appeared before God, and Calvin closed the window where he had come to seat himself to assist at the last agonies of his enemy.' We wish that his biographers, or his own letters and conversation, had furnished us with any authority for believing him to have repented of his awful crime in the conviction and martyrdom of Servetus. All the extant testimony supports the contrary conclusion. He gloried in his guilt; and in that smoky pile, which sheds so disastrous a glare over his life, he appears to have seen only a beacon of safety and encouragement to after-ages. The outer man was strikingly emblematic of the inner. . . . Such was Calvin,—decisive, intolerant, and unchangeable; the only theologian who never altered or modified in later days the doctrine he proclaimed in the earlier season of adventurous and sanguine manhood.

DR. CHANNING ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

The (London) *Inquirer* publishes several letters from the late Dr. Channing to a lady in England, which have never before appeared in print. We extract a couple of passages on the subject of the education of women, which will commend themselves to the attention of the reader:

One part of your letter particularly interested as well as amused me; that in which you speak of the experiments made in education. I laugh at these, but their number and absurdity go to prove still more a consciousness of the want. I should like much to get your ideas, and your mother's, on the proper training of your own sex. I have one daughter, very lovely, at least in her parent's eyes, and of sufficient capacity, about ten years old. I have done less than my own mind approves, from not knowing well what to do. I mean, that I have not interfered with the common methods of our city, though the results satisfy me that something better can be done. I have endeavoured to act on the general principle that to invigorate the faculties is more important than to give knowledge, and that the faculties can only be invigorated by exercise. On this principle I let her learn Latin. Is this language taught in your female schools?

Have you ever thought how far female education should differ from that of our sex? How far would woman be benefitted by being subjected to severer studies? It has been taught, you know, that you are distinguished by quickness and delicacy, rather than by profoundness of thought; that you reach truth by a kind of intuition rather than reasoning; that human nature and life are a woman's most appropriate studies and experience, and society her best schools, and that she is to do good chiefly by the culture of the affections and the taste, by spreading love, order, refinement, &c. Are these heresies which the stronger party are passing off for orthodoxy; or are they true, and ought they to influence education? I should like to know how your and yours think on these high matters; and the more freely you write, the more you will gratify me.

* * * * *

In your last letter you give me to understand, that female education is superficial among you. I am afraid there will be no change until our ideas of education are enlarged. A young woman is pronounced educated, the work is supposed to be done, just when a young man is beginning the most important part of his intellectual discipline. You run the race of knowledge, with a rapidity which we must despair of rivalling. At the time when your faculties are prepared for close and efficient attention, and for acquiring comprehensive views of subjects, they are released from their task; and light reading, chiefly periodical, giving only partial lights, and giving little more exercise to thought than any other pastime, is substituted for that patient connected labour, without which no branch of knowledge, not even of history, can be said to be understood. You doubt whether "the power of concentrated and long-continued attention," is what women want. What we all want, I think, is the growth of our faculties through the whole of life, by continued, vigorous exertion of them. I would not have a woman devote herself to any one subject as a man does to his profession. But I would have her daily give *some* portion of time to some subject which will demand earnest attention, and all the vigour of thought which she possesses. I prescribe not the time or the topics. Let her do that which will give her a consciousness of her powers, and will unfold them. Let it be one of her aims to invigorate the intellect through her whole life by exertion, and to give greater harmony and vitality to thought. Let her intellectual nature as well as her moral be felt to be of infinite value. I have mentioned one cause of the superficial education of women. Another is, the want of definite views of what a woman should be, the want of a sufficiently precise end. That end, I think, may be determined very much by the influence which you do and must exert over the young mind. This function entitles you to a more generous discipline than you have yet received. But I will not burden you with a dissertation. I have written a little complainingly; but I ought not to do so. Your sex have certainly made greater progress than ours within a short time, and I should be the last to find fault with women, remembering, as I do, so many enlightened ones among my friends.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The folly of using isolated extracts, says a correspondent of *Jerrold's News*, suggests the following

EPIGRAM.

Loose Scripture scraps from many an elf,
Are cited to back truth or lies.
"Judas went out and hanged himself,"
So, now, "Go thou and do likewise."

NOBILITY DYING OUT.—*Galignani's Guide*, (a French pamphlet) says that nearly all the old Parisian families are extinct—all the old nobility—and there are not a thousand persons who can reckon their ancestors as far back as Louis XIII.

DEFINITIONS—Memory: A bundle of dried time—Castle in the Air: A structure which usually consoles the architect for a hovel on earth. Dark Ages: A long night, with many thieves about and few policemen.—*Punch.*

The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* says: "It is the custom of the Parisian press to pay the most eminent political and literary writers by the *line*,—as the London newspapers do the scribblers of horrible murders and dreadful accidents. Alexander Dumas has received as much as 1 franc, or even 1 franc 10 cents a line. Marast, of the *National*, used to get 10 sous (a shade less than 5d)."

A young Irelander writes letters to the *South Australian Register* (Adelaide). He announces himself (on the 7th Feb.) as not of a ferocious disposition, and, by way of showing it, we suppose says (the SMALL CAPITALS are not ours); "I could drink Clarendon's blood UNADULTERATED, AND HOT FROM HIS HEART, and would consider that miscreant's assassination justifiable in the sight of God and man." This, to be sure, was on the supposition that O'Brien was, or was to be, hanged.

BOZ AND THE LAW.—The health of Mr. C. Dickens was drunk at the 17th anniversary festival of the United Law Clerk's Society on Tuesday. "He had been requested to propose a toast upon this occasion, and he did not know for what reason, unless it were that he was a law student without ever having studied the law, or that he once had the honour of being connected with a case, which was an action for breach of promise of marriage—(loud cheering)—and which was only reported in one book—a case in which he confessed that the pleading, the evidence, the summing up, and the verdict, were all equally wrong—(great laughter.) Some time ago a gentleman had written to him stating that he thought he (Mr. Dickens) had been 'rather hard' upon the profession, and it would be an agreeable sacrifice to offended justice if he would come here and confess that he did not mean what he said—(laughter.) He was now ready to plead to that accusation." Mr. Dickens then made some amusing observations upon the subject of pleading, and facetiously alluded to the character of *Dick Swiveller*, as connected with the law. He concluded by proposing "The Bar and the Profession," and stated that there was no one more sincere than himself in wishing success to the present society. Mr. Dickens alluded of course to the celebrated trial in which poor Mr Pickwick was fleeced by the virtuous Dobson and Fagg.

I one day went with the Chevalier Langles, down to the ground floor of the Royal Library. He showed me, on long tables, stretched from end to end of those spacious floors, a number of works begun under Napoleon, in all stages of printing, and of the utmost magnificence of paper and type. Some were nearly finished, of others only a few sheets were completed. Several appeared to me as large and as finely executed as the celebrated work of Denon upon Egypt. I was informed that they were all at a stand, and would never be completed under the